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DOCTOR WHO

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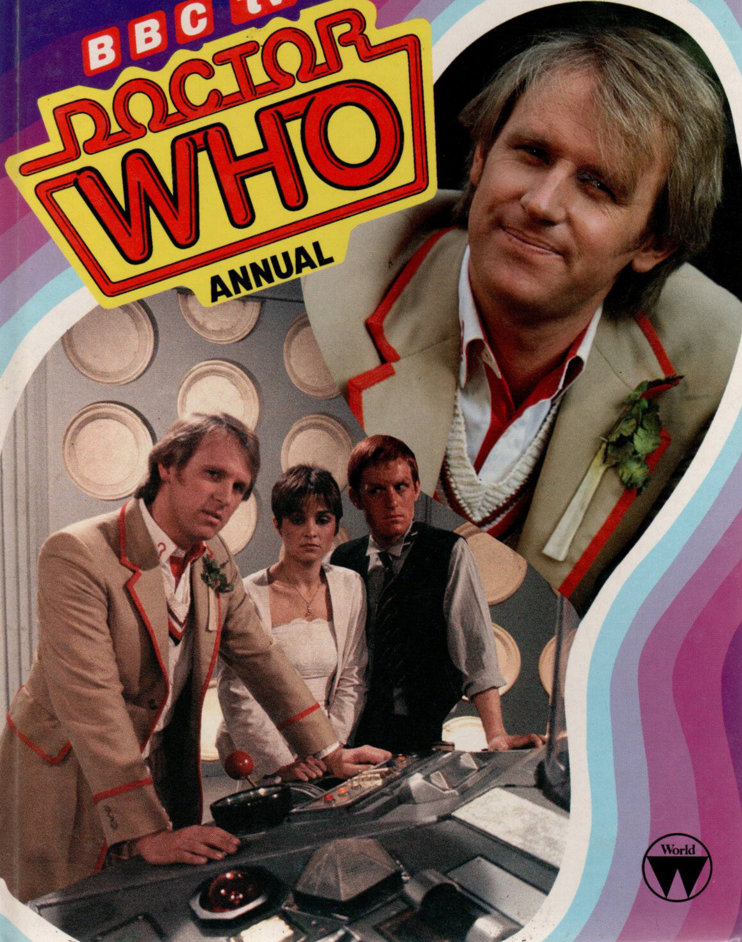

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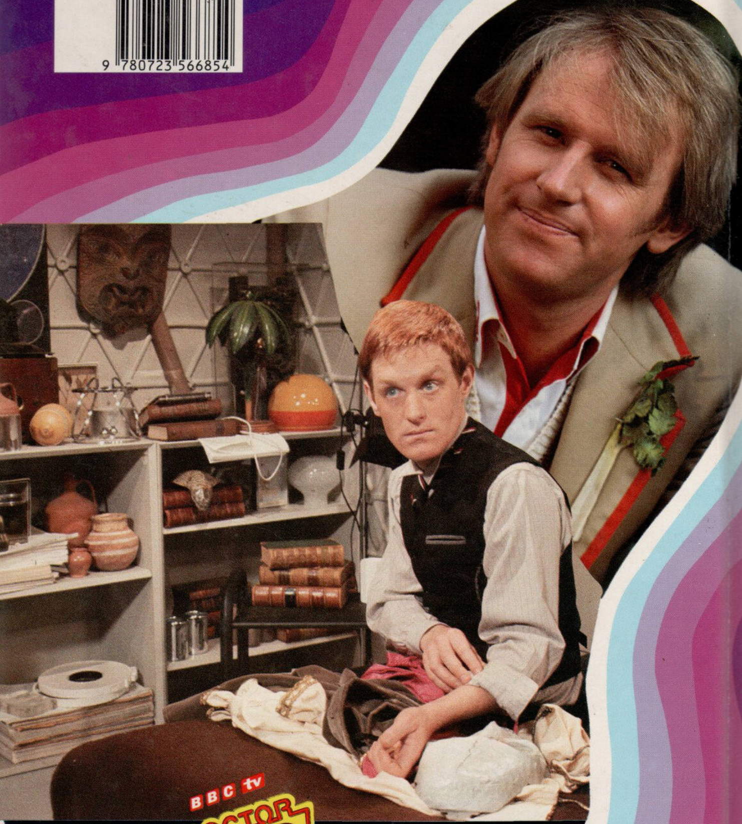

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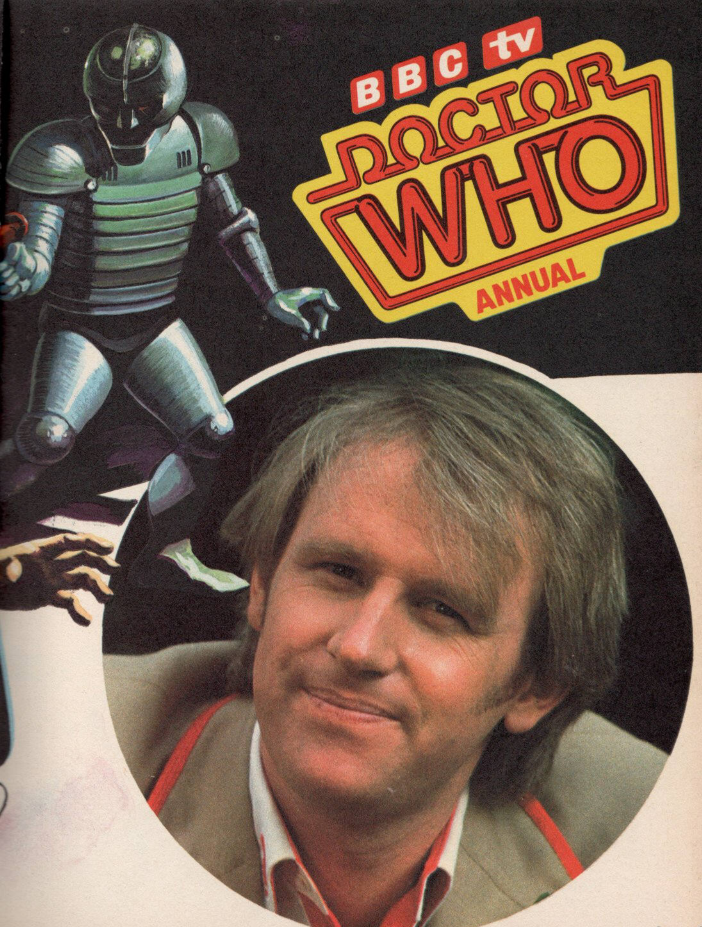

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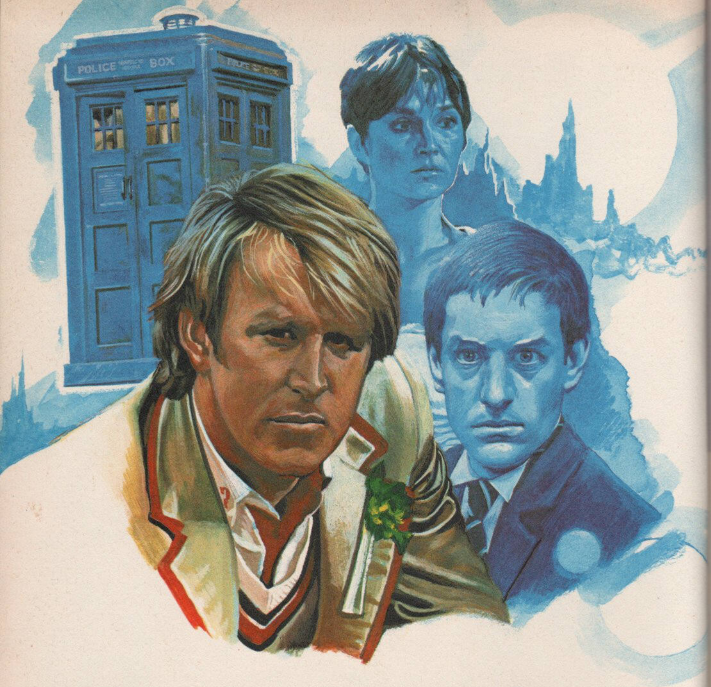

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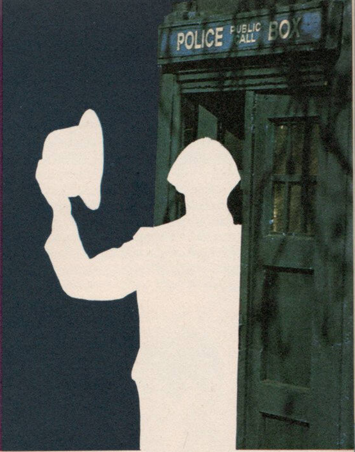
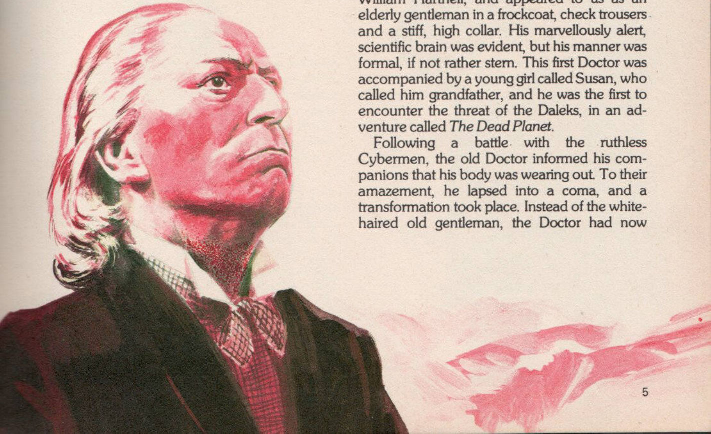
ONE DOCTOR - FIVE MEN



Doctor Who first appeared on our screens way back in 1963, when it was thought that the series might run for six weeks, at the most optimistic estimate. This year, the Doctor celebrates his twentieth anniversary on television. But the programme has changed quite a lot since those early days, and so has the Doctor himself.

In the beginning, the Doctor was played by William Hartnell, and appeared to us as an elderly gentleman in a frockcoat, check trousers and a stiff, high collar. His marvellously alert, scientific brain was evident, but his manner was formal, if not rather stern. This first Doctor was accompanied by a young girl called Susan, who called him grandfather, and he was the first to encounter the threat of the Daleks, in an adventure called *The Dead Planet*.

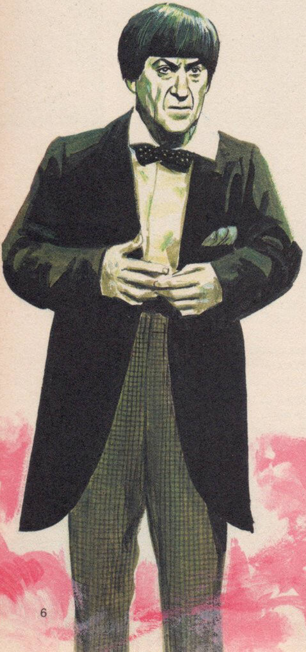
Following a battle with the ruthless Cybermen, the old Doctor informed his companions that his body was wearing out. To their amazement, he lapsed into a coma, and a transformation took place. Instead of the white-haired old gentleman, the Doctor had now

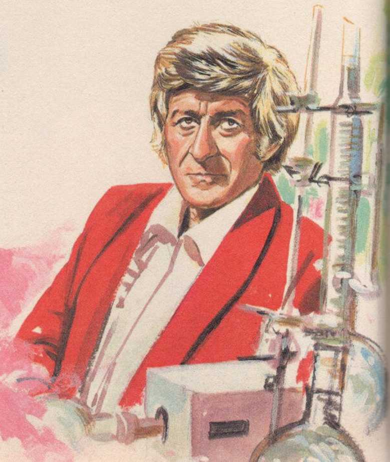


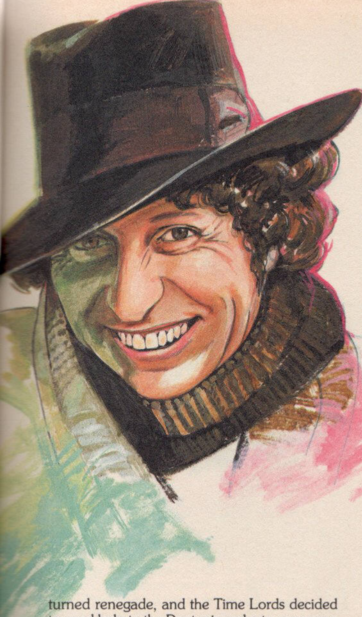
become a much younger man, with a totally altered personality.

This new Doctor was played by Patrick Troughton, and although the astute and remarkable brain remained, the stern manner of the old Doctor had gone. This Doctor was a little odd, a little eccentric; he wore a very tall hat and other bizarre garments, and showed an inclination for sitting cross-legged on the floor playing a recorder. During the lifetime of this Doctor, we learned a good deal about his background. We found out about the Time Lords, of which the Doctor was one, through his determination to do combat against the evil might of the War Lords. Turning to the Time Lords for help, he ran up against their philosophy which forbade intervention of any kind in the internal affairs of any planet. Faced with this attitude, the Doctor stole a Tardis and left the Time Lords' planet Gallifrey, knowing that if ever he returned he would face trial. Of course, it wasn't long before the Time Lords put the Doctor on trial. Although he was found guilty, his sentence was comparatively light, owing to a brilliant speech he made in his own defence. He was sentenced to exile on Earth, where he had to remain during the Twentieth Time Zone, and he also had to change his shape once more.

The third Doctor was totally different again. He too showed a taste for flamboyant clothes, but in this case it ran to velvet jackets, frilly shirts and a huge opera cloak. The actor who played this new Doctor, Jon Pertwee, brought some of his own characteristics to the programme in the form of a fascination for different types of transport. Bessie was introduced, a souped-up vintage car, and so too was the Whomobile, a sort of cross between a flying saucer and a racing car. During this reincarnation, the Doctor had a strange meeting with his two former selves. Omega, one of the Time Lords, had







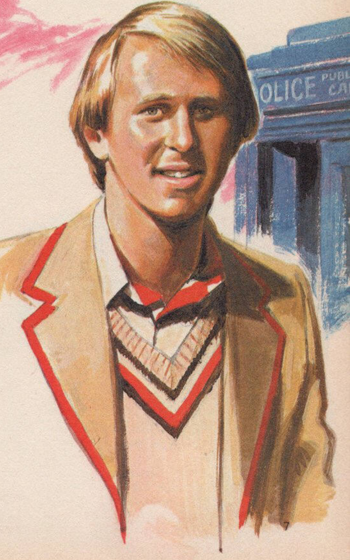
turned renegade, and the Time Lords decided to send help to the Doctor in order to overcome the miscreant. The personalities of the second and third Doctors clashed almost at once, while the first acted as mediator, but the adventure was successful and the Doctor's exile was lifted. Once again he was free to travel anywhere in Time and Space.

The fourth Doctor took over when his predecessor's body was riddled with deadly alien radiation, after an adventure on the planet Metebelis Three against the giant Spiders and their supreme ruler, the Great One. This Doctor, played by Tom Baker, really made the character his own. He, too, had a penchant for characteristic clothes; a very long scarf, a broad-brimmed hat, a long coat, with a mop of unruly curls and an engaging grin gave him an air of happy-go-lucky charm. But the brain was still there, as active and astute as ever. The fourth Doctor had a succession of companions – Sarah Jane Smith, Leela and Romana all helped him overcome several adversaries, and in real life, Lalla Ward, who played Romana, married her Doctor, Tom Baker.

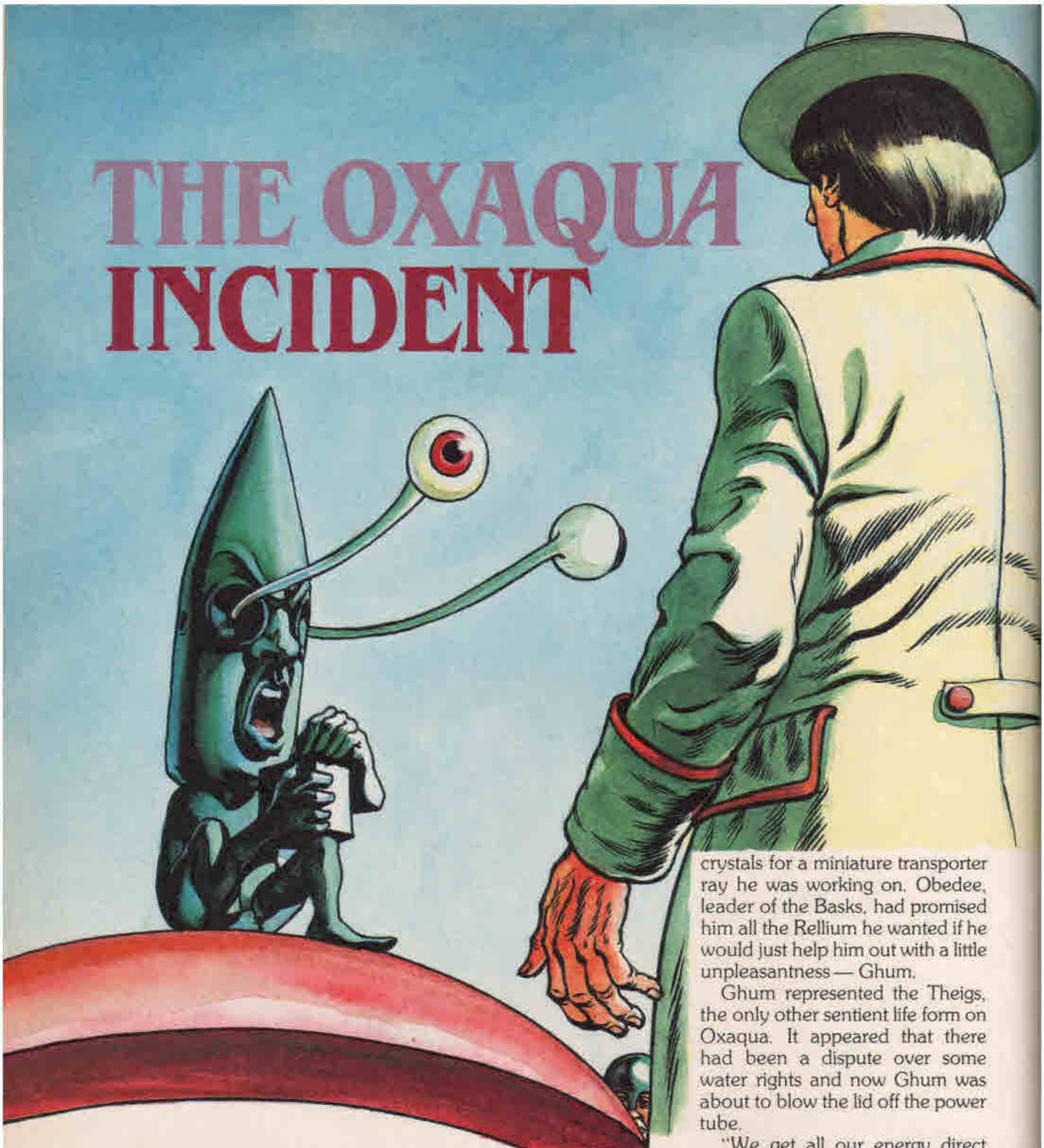
And so to the fifth Doctor, played by Peter Davison. This latest Doctor is younger than any of his predecessors, and sports a cricket sweater, striped pyjama-like trousers, Panama hat and long Regency frock coat, but he is still obviously the same Doctor as he has been since 1963. There is still that air of eccentricity, with the remarkable brain power in evidence beneath it all – and the Doctor is still essentially human, tending almost to stumble across the solutions to his problems rather than working them out computer fashion.

And what about the future?

Well, only Who knows! In the meantime, Happy Anniversary, Doctor Who!



THE OXAQUA INCIDENT



"Get back, Doctor! One step closer and I trigger the bomb!"

The Doctor eyed Ghum carefully, trying to gauge the depth of his commitment.

"I mean it, Doctor!" Ghum went on. "If I pull this switch the whole city gets drowned in molten lava!"

"All right — I know you're desperate," the Doctor reasoned, "but that's no reason to kill innocent people."

"The Basks aren't innocent!" shrilled Ghum. "They're water thieves! Every one of them is a water-thieving murderer!"

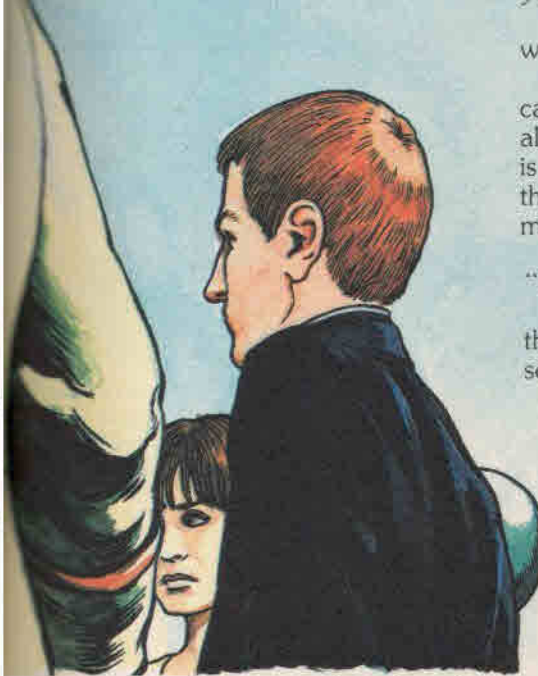
The Doctor had only stopped on Oxaqua to collect some Rellium crystals for a miniature transporter ray he was working on. Obedee, leader of the Basks, had promised him all the Rellium he wanted if he would just help him out with a little unpleasantness — Ghum.

Ghum represented the Theigs, the only other sentient life form on Oxaqua. It appeared that there had been a dispute over some water rights and now Ghum was about to blow the lid off the power tube.

"We get all our energy direct from the molten core of the planet," Obedee explained. "That tube runs down several hundred miles. If Ghum sets that bomb off we're cooked."

"Can't you make a deal with him?"

"A deal?" said Obedee indignantly. "With a Theig? Just look at him!"



The Doctor was forced to admit that Ghum was not the most visually appealing being he had encountered in his journeys through space and time. Short, with a pointed head twice the length of his body, Ghum's eyes were perhaps his most distressing feature. Attached to thin tentacles on either side of his head, they moved independently of one another, ceaselessly roaming the immediate area surrounding him.

"What exactly is your grievance?" the Doctor asked Ghum.

"We want water!" Ghum said. "The Basks have dammed up the river. That is a flagrant violation of the Co-ex Code. Ask anyone."

"Ask any Theig, you mean," said Obedee. The Doctor raised his hands.

"Surely this can be solved by discussion," he said.

"We've tried discussion!" said Ghum, his tentacles zooming out in unison so that both his eyes were less than a foot from the Doctor's. "The truth is that the Basks won't listen to reason!"

"What if I were to mediate in some way," suggested the Doctor, "perhaps then we might come to a reasonable compromise."

"Well —" said Ghum.

"Would that be all right with you?" the Doctor asked Obedee.

"The Doctor's very good at working things out," urged Tegan.

Obedee sighed. "Well, if you can stop Ghum from destroying us all and come up with a scheme that is acceptable to both parties — I think we might forget this whole matter."

"Ghum?" asked Turlough. "What do you think?"

Ghum's tentacles retracted into their sockets and he was quiet for several minutes.

"Ghum?" prompted the Doctor.

"Oh, all right," said Ghum, "but you must stop the Basks from building any more of their horrible dams."

Ghum slithered off the rounded top to the power tube and handed his bomb to the Doctor. The Doctor handed it to Obedee.

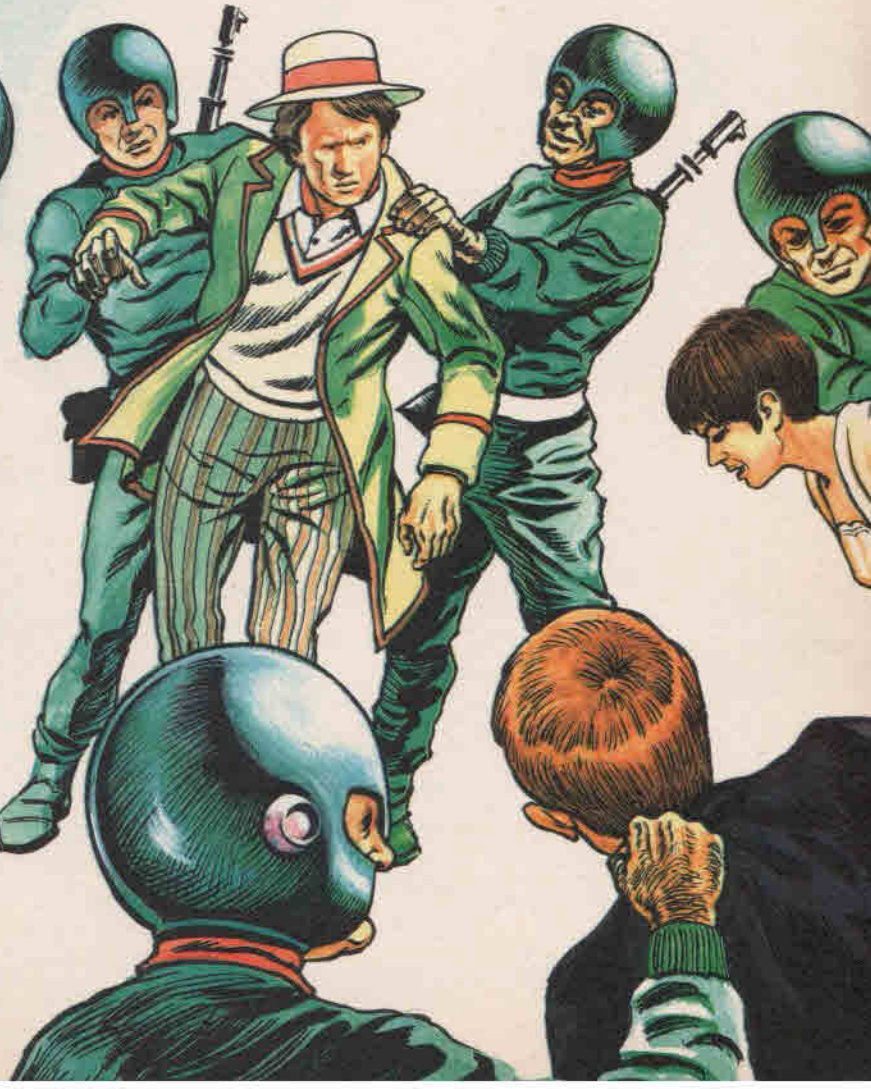
"Now," the Doctor said, brushing his palms against his cricket sweater, "let's get this thing sorted out once and for all."

"You've just done that," said Obedee, a chilling hardness entering his voice, "and to show our appreciation of your services — we're going to kill you!"

"What?" gasped Tegan.

"Talk about undying gratitude," said Turlough.

"Yes, Doctor," explained Obedee, as Bask soldiers dragged the Doctor, Tegan, Turlough and Ghum away, "it's all very well being reasonable, but it's time that



the planet Oxaqua made a name for itself. And to do that we're going to have to separate the Basks from the Theigs."

Within the hour, the four prisoners were strapped beside each other along what seemed to be a metal table with holes in it. Above them hung another large slab of metal suspended by wires. There were long spikes pointing downwards.

"I activate the dispenser," explained Obedee, cheerfully pressing a switch, "and tiny drops of acid fall onto the wires supporting the upper slab. The wires dissolve — the slab drops — and those extremely sharp spikes find their way through whatever is in their way to fit snugly into their holes."

"So we get stuck?" asked Tegan anxiously, as the hissing of acid on wire grew louder. She could feel a hole directly below her neck.

"Exactly," smiled Obedee, "it's a bit messy but—"

Suddenly there was a tremendous explosion, and the walls of the building collapsed under a hurricane of heat, smoke and dust.

"Theig attack!" yelled Obedee, diving for the exit. "Arm yourselves and regroup!"

A short, carrot-headed Theig came out of the rubble carrying a Lazooka.

He immediately cut the bonds that held Ghum. Ghum freed the Doctor and the two of them set about freeing Tegan and Turlough.

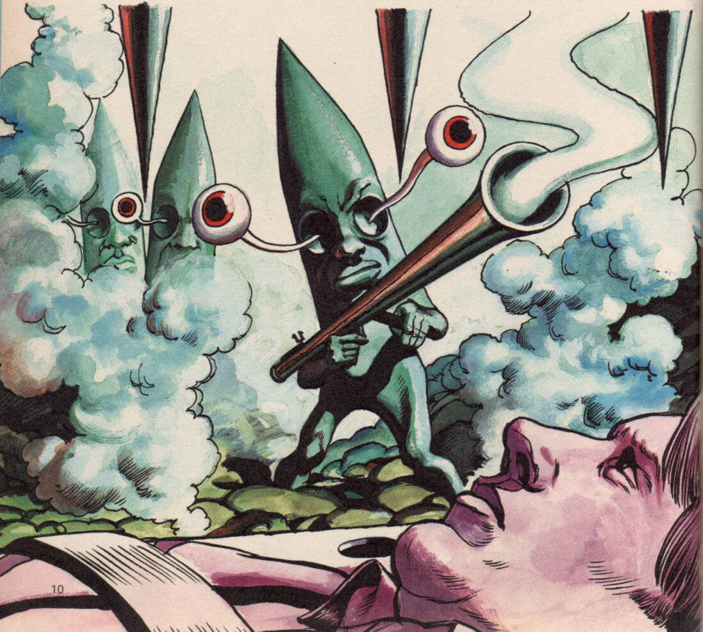
"Look out!" shouted Turlough as the Doctor cut through the first of his bonds. "Hurry up! It's falling!"

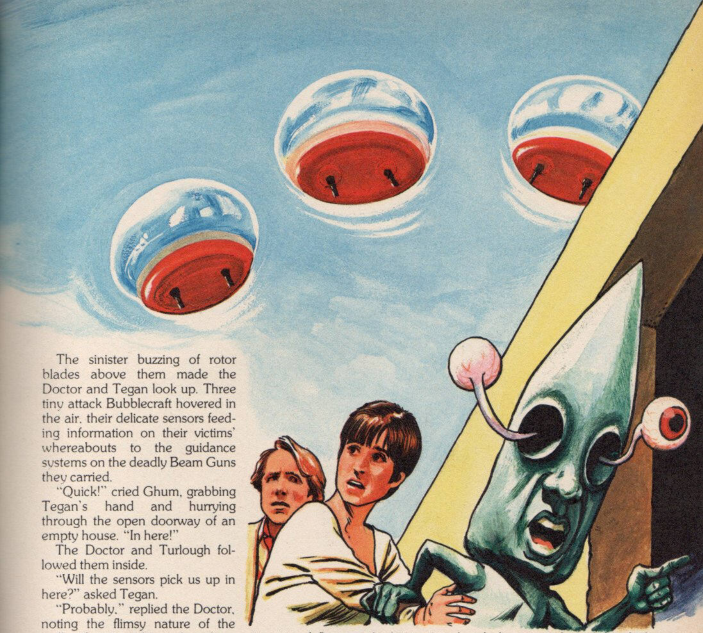
The Doctor heard a twang and pulled Turlough through a complete roll. The metal slab slammed down inches from Turlough's still tethered hand.

"Hmm," said Turlough untying himself, "remind me to buy you dinner sometime."

"I might do that," replied the Doctor.

Ghum and the other Theigs led them out through the hole in the wall and down a series of twisting, narrow streets.





The sinister buzzing of rotor blades above them made the Doctor and Tegan look up. Three tiny attack Bubblecraft hovered in the air, their delicate sensors feeding information on their victims' whereabouts to the guidance systems on the deadly Beam Guns they carried.

"Quick!" cried Ghum, grabbing Tegan's hand and hurrying through the open doorway of an empty house. "In here!"

The Doctor and Turlough followed them inside.

"Will the sensors pick us up in here?" asked Tegan.

"Probably," replied the Doctor, noting the flimsy nature of the walls, "but it might confuse them just enough to—"

A beam of white hot light knifed through the wall into the gloom. The floor caught fire, and then the roof fell in.

"Unh!" said Turlough, brushing the thick white dust from his clothes. "Where are we?" He looked around him. In the darkness he could just make out the figure of the Doctor helping Tegan to her feet.

"We're in the cellar of that house," explained Ghum. "When the roof fell, so did the floor."

"You mean we're trapped?" asked Turlough. He could smell burning. He tried to dislodge a large beam, but the instant he lifted it a jet of flame rushed into the cramped room.

"It's getting very hot in here," observed Tegan.

"Yes," agreed the Doctor, pulling his shirt away from his neck, "and there doesn't seem to be a way out."

"I'll get you out of here," said Ghum. He lay on the floor against one of the walls; his tentacles retracted his eyes into their sockets and, using his short, powerful arms and legs to propel him, he began twisting his body round and round.

"What are you doing?" asked Tegan.

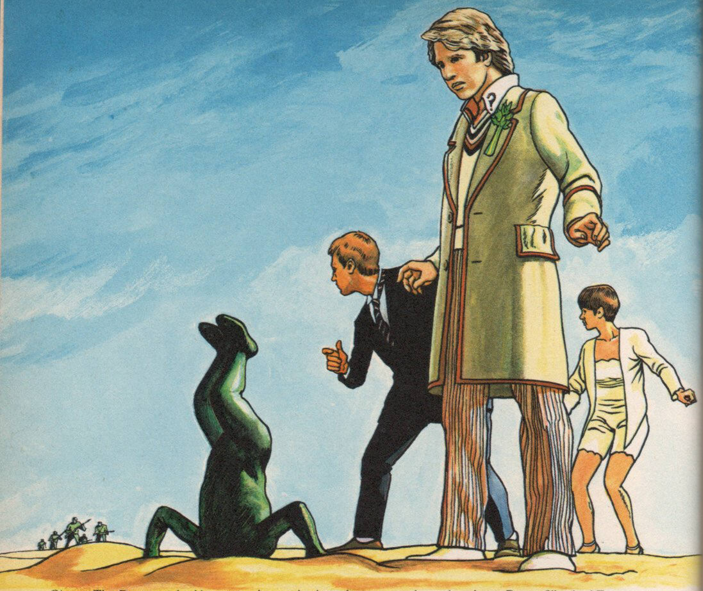
"Burrowing through to the next cellar," explained Ghum as the top portion of his twisting, turning head disappeared into the thick mud of the wall. "It might be a bit of a squeeze for you folks, but it won't be far."

When it was finished, Ghum's tunnel to the next cellar was ten feet long and about two feet wide. Turlough squeezed through first, followed by Tegan and then finally the Doctor.

"Where to now?" asked Turlough.

Ghum led them up through the adjoining house and back into the streets. The Bubblecraft had moved on, but the danger hadn't. At the end of the street stood Obedee and a squad of Bask soldiers.

"Any suggestions?" asked



Ghum. The Doctor picked him up.

"Run for it!" he shouted.

With Obedee in hot pursuit, they ran out of the town and into the fierce wind that blew across the dry, dusty countryside. When they came to a bone-dry riverbed Ghum asked the Doctor to put him down.

"You head for the hills on the other side of the desert," he said, burrowing head first into the ground. "You'll get help there. I'm only slowing you up — and anyway I've got a plan." He began turning and turning until he disappeared into the ground.

"Why don't we just head for the Tardis?" asked Turlough.

"Because we're needed here," explained the Doctor. "Let's go!"

They ran across the river bed and into the hot desert. The sand beneath their feet was soft, and energy-sapping. The wind was hot, and getting stronger.

"Come on, Tegan," said Tur lough. "Obedee's gaining on us!"

Tegan stumbled forward and the Doctor caught her arm.

"It's no good," he said. "We'll soon be in range of Obedee's guns. Remember Ghum said he'd got a plan." He stood there, waiting for Obedee to catch them up.

"Ghum can keep his plan!" said Turlough. "I'm taking my chances with the desert!"

He turned to run but a blast from one of Obedee's soldiers' Scudder Guns kicked up a flurry of sand in front of him. He stopped.

"A wise move!" shouted Obedee, as he approached. "Let's get this over with quickly."

"Just what do you think Ghum's plan is Doctor?" asked Tegan.

The Doctor did not answer. He was staring at the many tiny little hurricanes that were being whipped up by the wind. The sky grew suddenly dark and ominous.

"I've only seen conditions like this once before," said the Doctor. "Try and cover your faces! If I'm right, things are going to get a little nasty."

"Where's that misshapen little Theig?" asked Obedee, as he approached, panting with the effort of the chase. "I do hope he's not —"

Once again, Obedee was cut short in the middle of a tirade. But this time it was not an exploding wall that distracted him, it was the sight of hundreds of miniature whirlpools of sand that were dancing across the desert towards them.

"You shouldn't have built that dam," said the Doctor. "You've upset nature's delicate balance. I've seen these mini tornadoes before. They can sand-blast the flesh from your bones in seconds!"

"Yeah, but what about us?" asked Turlough.

There was no time for further discussion. The sand hurricanes were suddenly among them, whipping up storms of sand that dug into their exposed flesh.

"AAAAIIEEEH!" cried Obedee as a particularly strong hurricane engulfed him.

The Doctor saw a dark shape being lifted in the air, and then he too was fighting for his life.

The hurricane raged all around him. The noise was deafening. He felt himself being whisked higher into the air. The flesh on his hands and face was raw.

Then suddenly he was falling, and he landed with a squelch into something cold and wet. When he opened his eyes he saw Tegan and Turlough lying beside him. All three of them were covered in mud.

"Water!" smiled the Doctor. "Ghum must have blown the dam!"

Whatever was left of Obedee was never found. Without him to stir up trouble the Basks were only too willing to draw up a new Co-existence Code with the Theigs. The Doctor got his Rellium crystals and, after a lavish farewell party where Ghum gave him an exact replica of the Oxaquan Sword of Office, they boarded the Tardis and left.

"This is a pretty dangerous weapon," said Turlough, weighing the Sword in his hand.

"Yes," agreed the Doctor absent-mindedly. He was busy cutting up Rellium crystals. Turlough began a swordfight with an imaginary opponent.

"It's a good job Ghum blew the dam," he observed. "Did you know that's what he was planning to do?"

"I had a fair idea," said the Doctor.

"Cut it a bit fine, didn't he?" Turlough made a slashing movement with the Sword.

"What?"

"Ghum," repeated Turlough, "he cut it a bit fine when he flooded the desert."

"Well, you know what they say on Capu 2."

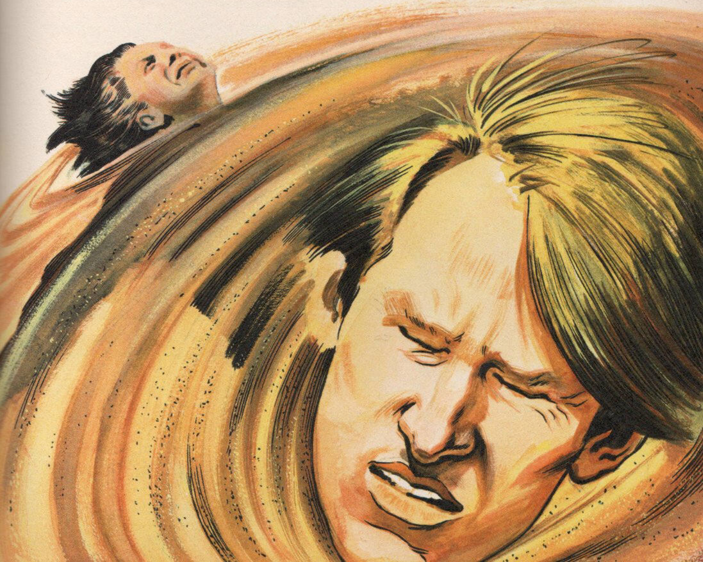
"What do they say on Capu 2?" asked Tegan.

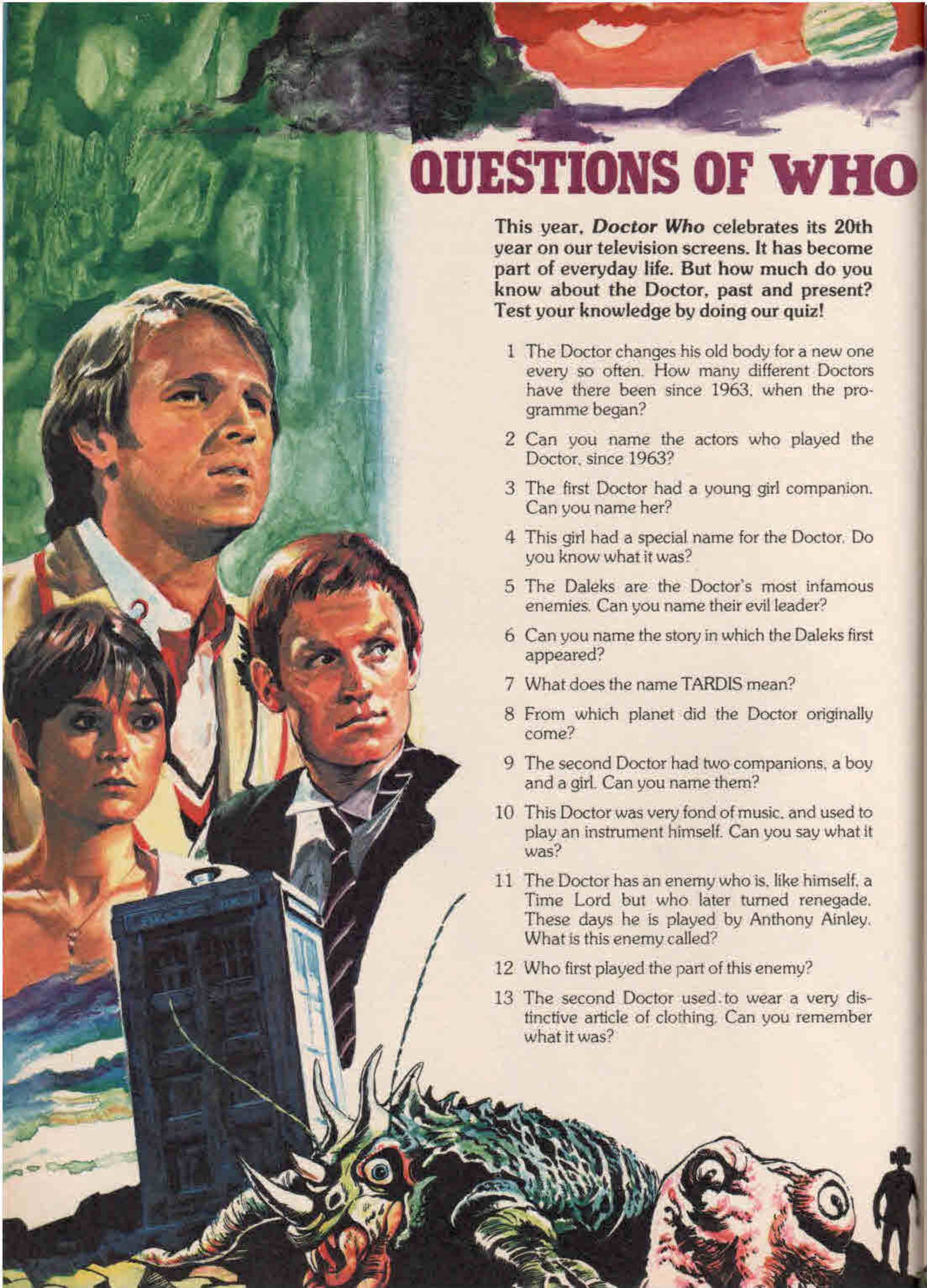
"*Skirri bip hoom da lunce.*"

"What does that mean?"

"I've no idea, but they're always saying it on Capu 2."

Tegan's laughter rose above the gentle hum of the Tardis.





QUESTIONS OF WHO

This year, *Doctor Who* celebrates its 20th year on our television screens. It has become part of everyday life. But how much do you know about the Doctor, past and present? Test your knowledge by doing our quiz!

1 The Doctor changes his old body for a new one every so often. How many different Doctors have there been since 1963, when the programme began?

2 Can you name the actors who played the Doctor, since 1963?

3 The first Doctor had a young girl companion. Can you name her?

4 This girl had a special name for the Doctor. Do you know what it was?

5 The Daleks are the Doctor's most infamous enemies. Can you name their evil leader?

6 Can you name the story in which the Daleks first appeared?

7 What does the name TARDIS mean?

8 From which planet did the Doctor originally come?

9 The second Doctor had two companions, a boy and a girl. Can you name them?

10 This Doctor was very fond of music, and used to play an instrument himself. Can you say what it was?

11 The Doctor has an enemy who is, like himself, a Time Lord but who later turned renegade. These days he is played by Anthony Ainley. What is this enemy called?

12 Who first played the part of this enemy?

13 The second Doctor used to wear a very distinctive article of clothing. Can you remember what it was?

14 The third Doctor was very different from his predecessor. He, too, wore distinctive clothes. What was special about them?

15 This Doctor had a vintage car that he was very fond of. Can you remember what the name of this car was?

16 Who played the part of Jo Grant, one of this Doctor's female companions?

17 Who was the high-ranking army officer who helped the Doctor from time to time?

18 Which actor played this part?

19 What does UNIT stand for?

20 What is the name of the planet where the Daleks have their headquarters?

21 The fourth Doctor wore something round his neck that distinguished him from all the others. What was it?

22 In real life, which of this Doctor's companions married the actor who played the part?

23 What is the name of the computerized dog which helped the Doctor?

24 What was the profession of Sarah Jane Smith, before she became the Doctor's companion?

25 What is the name of the Australian air hostess who was hijacked by the Tardis by mistake?

26 The present Doctor is very fond of a typically English sport. What is it?

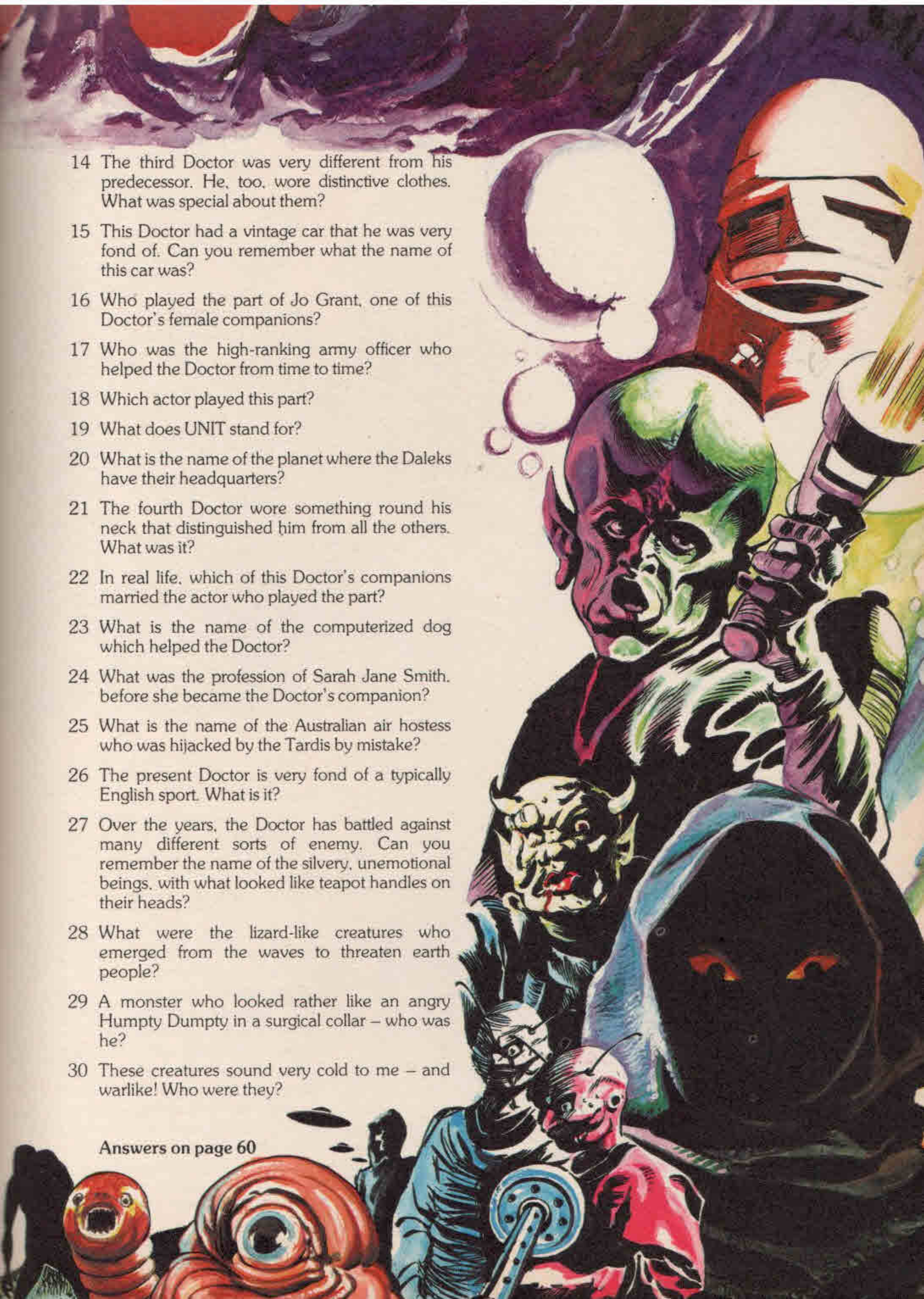
27 Over the years, the Doctor has battled against many different sorts of enemy. Can you remember the name of the silvery, unemotional beings, with what looked like teapot handles on their heads?

28 What were the lizard-like creatures who emerged from the waves to threaten earth people?

29 A monster who looked rather like an angry Humpty Dumpty in a surgical collar – who was he?

30 These creatures sound very cold to me – and warlike! Who were they?

Answers on page 60



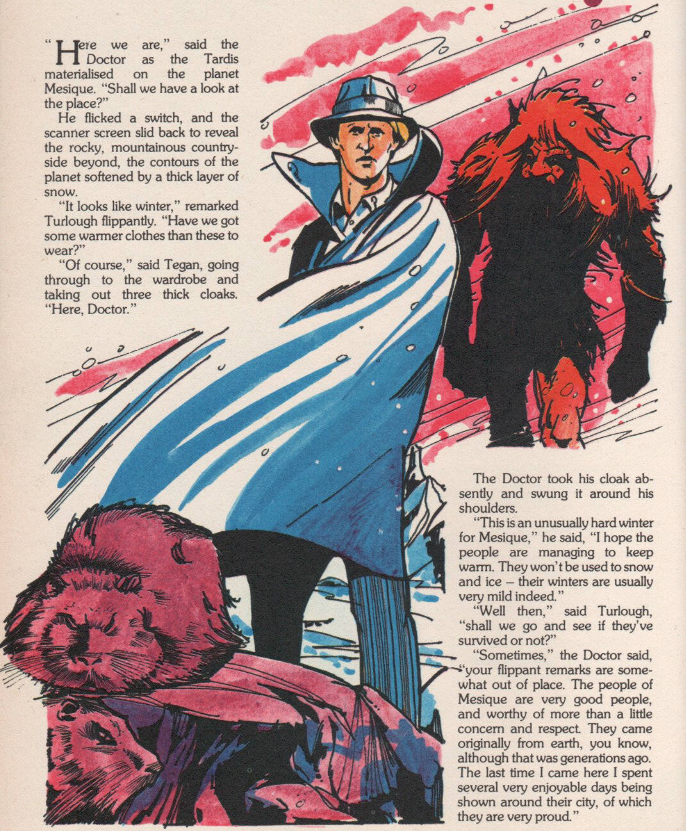
WINTER ON MESIQUE

"Here we are," said the Doctor as the Tardis materialised on the planet Mesique. "Shall we have a look at the place?"

He flicked a switch, and the scanner screen slid back to reveal the rocky, mountainous countryside beyond, the contours of the planet softened by a thick layer of snow.

"It looks like winter," remarked Turlough flippantly. "Have we got some warmer clothes than these to wear?"

"Of course," said Tegan, going through to the wardrobe and taking out three thick cloaks. "Here, Doctor."

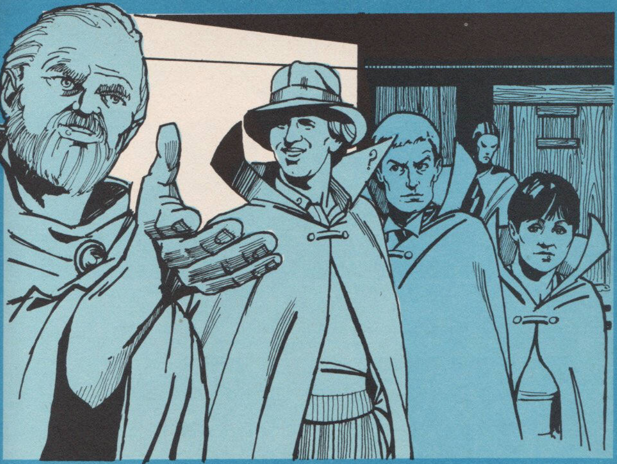


The Doctor took his cloak absently and swung it around his shoulders.

"This is an unusually hard winter for Mesique," he said, "I hope the people are managing to keep warm. They won't be used to snow and ice – their winters are usually very mild indeed."

"Well then," said Turlough, "shall we go and see if they've survived or not?"

"Sometimes," the Doctor said, "your flippant remarks are somewhat out of place. The people of Mesique are very good people, and worthy of more than a little concern and respect. They came originally from earth, you know, although that was generations ago. The last time I came here I spent several very enjoyable days being shown around their city, of which they are very proud."



"How long ago was that?" asked Tegan, as she opened the Tardis's outer doors. The Doctor smiled.

"I would imagine that their leader would be an old man by now," he said. "The last time I was here, he was perhaps as old as Turlough here."

"Will they remember you?" asked Turlough.

"I see no reason why they should forget me," the Doctor replied indignantly.

Under the thick layer of snow it was hard to see which building was which, and although lights shone from windows, the Doctor had some difficulty in getting his bearings. It was bitterly cold.

"Where are we going?" shouted Tegan above the shrieking of the wind.

The Doctor pointed to a small but ornate building almost directly ahead. "There!" he bellowed. "That's where Sellot, the leader of Mesique, lives and works."

The doors were not opened straight away when at last they reached the building and banged on the thick wooden panels of the door. There was the sound of hurried movement from inside, audible even above the howling of the wind, and then a face looked out at them through a small iron grille in the higher panel of the door.

"Who are you and what do you want?" it demanded.

"Would you please tell Sellot that the Doctor and his two companions are here to see him?" said the Doctor politely. "And please let us in; it's very cold out here."

The grille was slammed shut. There was the sound of voices inside, and then the door was swung open slightly. The Doctor, Tegan and Turlough slipped inside, and a man in a glittering black and silver uniform slammed the door quickly behind them. Tegan looked in surprise at the vast array of heavy bolts and locks being shot home on the door, and at the guard, who was almost weighed down by the huge gun he held.

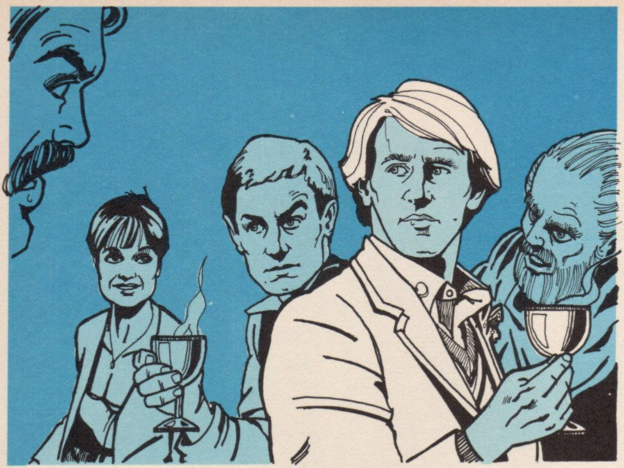
"Doctor!" said a voice. "You can't imagine how pleased we are to see you after all this time!"

The Doctor smiled. "Sellot, I am happy to be here again. But why all this security?"

The old man leaned heavily on his stick. "It is due to this cold weather," he said. "We have predators at our doors."

"Predators?" asked Turlough curiously.

The Doctor introduced his two



companions, and asked, "What sort of predators?"

"Come to my chamber," Sellot said, "you look cold and wet. I will explain there."

Sellot's chamber was warm and comfortable. The three travellers sat near to the fire, sipping cups of a strange hot drink, while Sellot's servant hung their wet cloaks up to dry and departed quietly.

"Now," said the Doctor, "tell me about these predators."

The old man sighed. "We are not accustomed to such harsh winters, as you know, and neither, apparently, are the creatures who share this planet with us."

"Which creatures?" asked Tegan.

"Two species in particular are a problem," answered Sellot. "You remember, Doctor, last time you were here I showed you specimens of a large rodent, very like the coypu we knew on earth?"

The Doctor nodded. "And these are causing you trouble?"

The old man nodded. "About a dozen of them recently escaped from the compound we had built for them. Like all rodents, they breed very quickly and in great numbers, and we are now in danger of being overrun by the animals."

"And the other predators?" questioned Turlough.

"Ah," said Sellot gravely. "They are a big problem. They have lived in the mountains for longer than any of us can remember, always staying well away from us, although we would not have harmed them. But with this winter being far harsher than normal, they have come down to the city in search of food. Four of our cattle have disappeared already."

"But what *are* they?" asked the Doctor.

"I don't know what to call them," said Sellot, "some people call them after the similar creatures men used to search for on earth – the Sasquatch. But there is a difference between these and the earthly ones. These eat flesh."

"Are you sure they are to blame?"

"Oh, yes," said the old man, "we have found remains, just outside the city."

At that moment, there came the sound of a commotion outside the chamber.

Sellot turned his head to see a man entering the room, his face white with shock but exultant.

"What is it, Varl?" asked the Mesique leader.

The man barely glanced at the old man's guests.

"Sellot, we have caught one of the creatures from the mountains! It tried to enter my barn and steal one of my cattle, but I was entertaining some friends from the town, and we captured the beast."

The old man rose to his feet, gripping the head of his stick.

"Excellent, Varl! Where is the creature now?"

"We have put it into one of the

prison cells, that being the most secure place in the city. Will you come and see it?"

"Sellot," said the Doctor, "may we accompany you? I think an examination would be very useful."

"By all means," said the leader.

The prison was surrounded by people, and the air was thick with excitement. As Sellot and the Doctor approached the building, the people fell back to allow them to pass. Inside the prison all was quiet.

"Where is the creature?" Sellot asked the governor of the prison. The man's face was expressionless, but his excitement was so intense that it could be felt.

"In the old disused wing," said the governor. "We thought it best to keep it separately confined."

"Good," said Sellot approvingly, "will you take us there?"

The old wing was indeed old and all but deserted. Only a few guards stood in the passages, glancing fearfully around as the sound of footsteps reached their ears. That sound had also reached the creature's ears – the Doctor could hear the sound of roaring and whimpering echoing through the corridors.

"The Abominable Snowman, eh?" he muttered to himself. "There's food for thought."

"What did you say?" asked Tegan.

"Nothing. I was just imagining what the people on earth would have done to their Sasquatch had they ever caught one. Killed it outright, I dare say."

"We prefer to examine the creatures who share this planet with us," said Sellot, turning to smile at his companions. "It is not our policy to kill without very good cause."

"I know," replied the Doctor, "I wish more people thought along those lines."

The door to the cell was guarded by heavily armed soldiers looking somewhat pale with fear. There was a small barred window in the door, and it was through this that they peered in at the creature. It sat huddled in the farthest corner of the cell, shivering with cold, its body covered with long thick fur of a pale brown colour. Its face was hardly visible, except for two slanting black eyes that stared, in something like desperation, at the door.

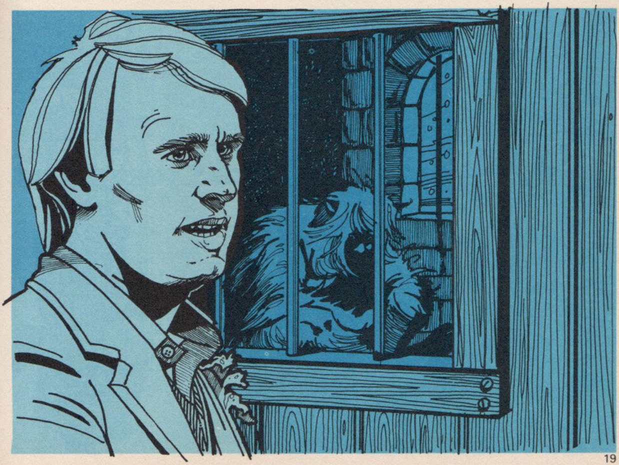
"Has this creature been fed since its capture?" asked the Doctor quietly.

"No," said one of the guards in surprise, "nobody knew what it ate, nor dared go in there with it."

"It looks as though it could do with something to eat," said Tegan. "After all, that's why it came down to the city, isn't it?"

"And we know it's a meat eater," said the Doctor, "although you have no evidence to suggest that it has ever attacked a human. Have you no scraps of meat to give it?"

Sellot shook his head. "The cold weather has meant the death of many of our own cattle, as well as the disappearance of four of them at the hands of this creature and



presumably others like it. We are hard pressed to feed ourselves at the moment. We do not leave waste."

"And vegetation is no good," pointed out Turlough, "since the ground is frozen solid."

"Doctor, look!" hissed Tegan. She had still been watching the creature, and had seen the solution to the problem. From beneath the heap of damp straw in one corner of the cell, one of the coypu-like rodents, as big as a small dog, had slithered, sniffing the air. The larger creature stopped shivering and watched the rodent intently, then darted forward and grabbed the animal by its stubby tail, killing it with one blow of its powerful hand on the rodent's head. Systematically it began to eat the rodent, showing sharp strong teeth as it did so.

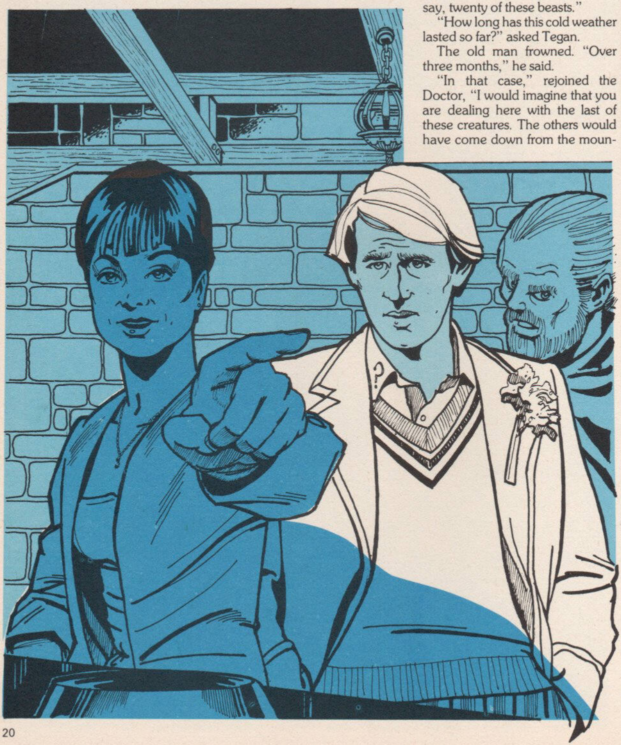
"There you are," said the Doctor, "problem solved."

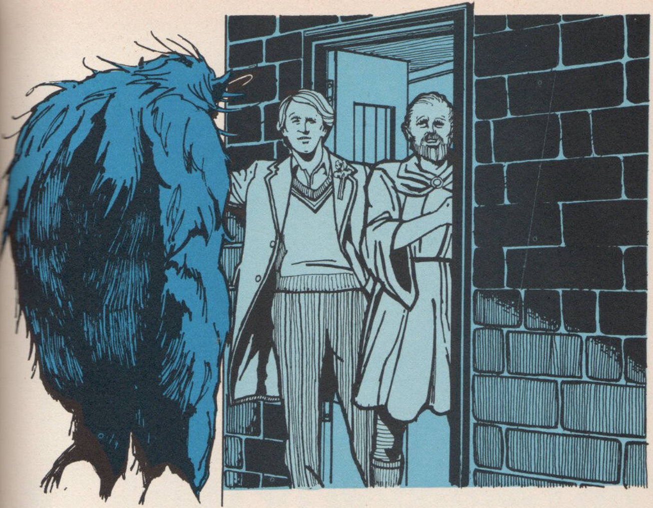
"Not necessarily," said Sellot, "we do not know how many of these creatures there are. Even the number of rodents we are plagued with would not satisfy the needs of, say, twenty of these beasts."

"How long has this cold weather lasted so far?" asked Tegan.

The old man frowned. "Over three months," he said.

"In that case," rejoined the Doctor, "I would imagine that you are dealing here with the last of these creatures. The others would have come down from the moun-





tains long before now, had there been any others, and you would have lost far more cattle than just four."

"So what do we do with this one?" asked Sellot, looking again through the grille. "Leave it in that cell until it dies, poor thing?"

"Provide one of those warm huts at the far end of the city," suggested the Doctor.

"But how do we know if it's friendly?"

"We'll find out." The Doctor unlocked the cell door and went slowly inside. The creature whimpered with fear and tried to push itself further into its corner.

"Gently, gently," soothed the Doctor and extended his hand, palm upwards, towards the creature. It watched him nervously, then leaned forward to sniff at him curiously, and put out one tentative paw to touch the fingers of the extended hand with its own claw-tipped ones.

"You're gentle enough," said the Doctor, as the creature's hand closed trustingly about his own, "aren't you? And cold," he added wrapping his cloak about the shivering creature. "You see," he said without raising his voice, "all it needs is a little trust and kindness."

"Doctor," said Sellot calmly, "we can't put this creature, however gentle it may be now, in one of those huts. Think of the crowds of people going to see it, pestering it, making it nervous. That would turn anyone into a savage."

"He's right, Doctor," said Turlough, "it'll have to stay here."

"It'll have to stay somewhere, but not here," said the Doctor, who had been examining the creature, "this poor creature is about to give birth."

"Are you sure?" demanded Sellot.

"Oh, quite sure," said the Doctor. "I would imagine her mate is dead, however, or there would have been no need for her to come down in search for food."

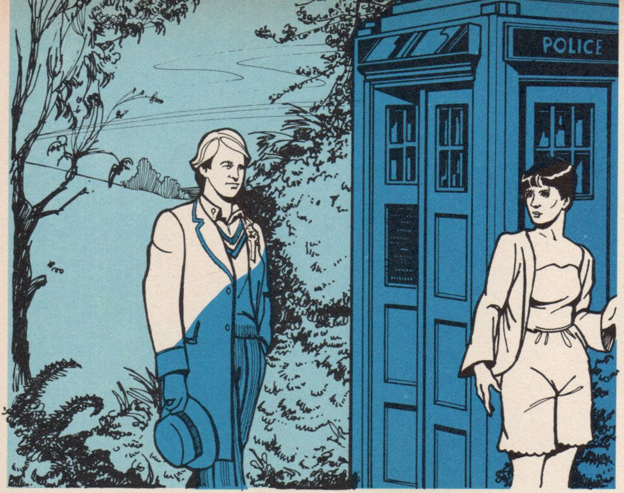
"Well, in that case," said the old man decisively, "it, or rather, she, must come to my house – it's warm and comfortable there, and the sightseers can be kept outside. She – they – can be fed on the rodents from the compound."

"Is this wise?" asked the Doctor. "You are no longer young. Can you cope, Sellot, with a creature like this?"

"I see no reason why not," said the old man, "and, wise or not, we cannot leave this poor creature in a cold prison cell, where both she and her baby would almost certainly die of cold. She will be well protected in my house, and well fed too. In fact she will solve the rodent problem admirably."

The Doctor led the creature to the door of the cell.

"Sellot," he said sincerely, "I wish more people were like you. Shall we go?"



The Creation of Camelot

"Where are we?" Tegan asked in a fretful whisper. She shivered and pulled her jacket more closely about her. "It's so cold in here."

"Hush," the Doctor said. He was craning up to look out of the tiny arrowslit in the thick stone wall of the cell in which they were held. "I'm listening to the talking outside. We may discover something."

"But haven't you any idea where this is? The Tardis –"

"Needs an overhaul, a thorough one. I never seem to get a spare moment these days. The Time mechanism is – well, not broken exactly, but not quite right."

"Oh," Tegan said. She glanced towards the door. "When I was at school, we had to read history books with pictures in. Those guards reminded me of the Vikings."

"Vikings!" The Doctor turned round, shaking his head sorrowfully. "What is education coming to? I expect you were told all sorts of romantic nonsense about huge men with helmets with horns on them, weren't you? If you only knew the truth about that, you'd think differently. And these people are nothing like either the real Vikings or the ones your rather ignorant teachers told you about."

Tegan shrugged. "I'm sorry, I can't help what I was taught."

"No," the Doctor agreed, "but you can help what you believe. Always remember that. It's sometimes not very easy, I know, trying to tell fact from romantic stories, especially when there's a grain of truth behind every legend. Trust me, I know."

"That's all very well, but I didn't know you when I was being taught these things. One believes what one is taught in school. Besides, I was far more interested in other things than in wasteful lessons like history."

"Wasteful?" the Doctor repeated incredulously. "Wasteful? Don't you young people have any sense? The history of your own nation, and of others, is vital to understanding what is going on in the present, did nobody tell you that? Lessons for the future are learned from the past. Science is an important subject to learn, all the sciences are necessary. But without history, how would you ever learn how to use those scientific skills wisely? Anyway," he continued, looking back out of the window, "we're now *on* earth. In Britain to be exact."

"Britain? That tiny island?"

"What's wrong with that tiny island, as you call it? Tiny places, as you should know by now, are often the richest in ideas and folklore. The most interesting for study . . ."

He broke off and listened to the distant buzz of conversation.

"What can you hear?" whispered Tegan curiously.

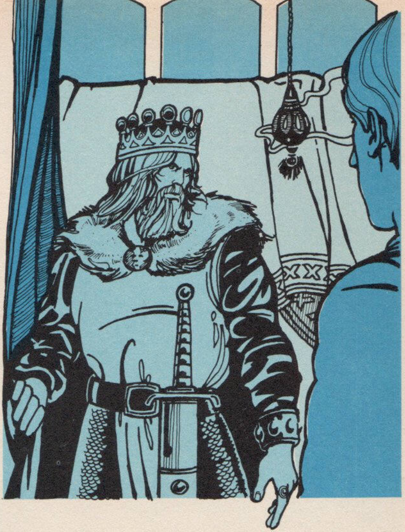
The Doctor beamed at her. "What did your human teachers tell you about the legendary King Arthur?"

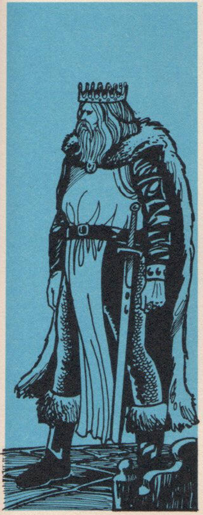
The King's chamber was warm and richly decorated. Tapestries hung on the walls, as much to keep out the cold as to adorn, and torches blazed in sconces between them. In the huge hearth an enormous fire crackled merrily.

"Wait here," the captain of the guard who had escorted them from the cell said curtly.

"May I ask . . .?" the Doctor began politely, but was cut off short.

"I don't answer questions. The King may answer you if he sees fit. Him, or the Merlin."





"Merlin?"

"The King's necromancer. One such as yourself. Now, silence."

He stood sharply to attention as the door swung open and a huge man swept inside. He was richly dressed in blue velvet and thick furs. Gold armlets and rings glinted in the firelight, as did the jewelled crown in his red-gold hair. His eyes were fierce and blue as he seated himself in a great chair before the fire and studied the Doctor and Tegan.

"You have eaten?" he asked abruptly.

"No," the Doctor replied pleasantly. "We were about to ask one of the villagers for food when –"

"Quite. Captain, some food for my guests."

"Sir." The captain bowed smartly, turned on his heel, and left the room. The Doctor turned back to the King.

"Thank you. I had heard that you were a fair man."

"I am fair. I give justice to those who need it. Those who have done wrong are punished according to the laws of this land, those who are innocent are treated likewise. Now, as for you."

His eyes swept over the Doctor's frock coat and cricket pants, and over Tegan's trousers and jacket.

"You are dressed strangely. Where do you come from?"

"It's a little hard to explain. I have a ship – not a sailing ship, a boat, but one which transports me and my companion from place to place all the same. It is called the Tardis."

"Tardis?"

"Yes. An unusual name, but –"

"I have heard that name before," the King said musingly. "Now where? Where did you leave this Tardis?"

"In the forest outside this castle.

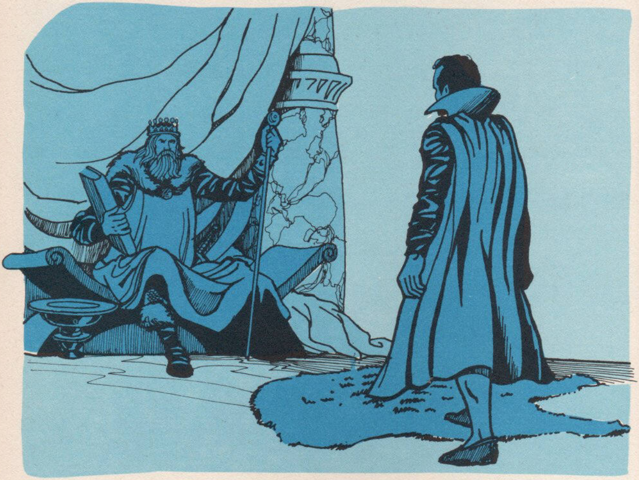
May I ask, is this Camelot?"

"Of course." The King laughed. "Where else does one find the High King?"

"Forgive me. I found it hard to believe. I have always believed Camelot to be a legend."

"Now who's believing what he's been taught?" whispered Tegan, her eyes fixed on the King.

Arthur ignored her. "A legend?" he demanded. "What do you mean?"



"I've heard stories about you, and Camelot, and Lancelot and Guinevere, and Merlin –"

"About the Merlin!"

"Yes. Forgive me, is Merlin a title, not a name?"

"The Merlin has no name. The Merlin is my necromancer, my adviser, my bard – he serves a variety of uses, and is held in very great regard by me and my court . . . Ah!"

He paused, got up from the chair and paced about the room. The Doctor and Tegan exchanged glances, then the Doctor turned to the King.

"Sir –"

"Tardis!" the King exclaimed. "The Merlin! He also mentioned that name. That is where I heard it before."

"The Merlin knows about the Tardis?"

"When he first appeared at Camelot, just after my coronation and the death of Blaise, the old Merlin, he said his ship, his vessel – call it what you will – was called Tardis."

Tegan gasped. "The Master!" she whispered in horror.

The Doctor nodded grimly. He went to the King and said urgently, "Tell me, where is the Merlin now?"

Arthur shrugged his massive shoulders. "In his room, I believe, although he might be elsewhere. He vanishes for long stretches at a time."

"Where is this room?"

"The turret in the East tower. Why, what do you know of the Merlin?"

"I have known him for a long time, and he is an evil man. He will aim to destroy you and your kingdom if he can, to change history to suit himself. Sir, may I ask, if –"

"What is it?" the King and Tegan asked together.

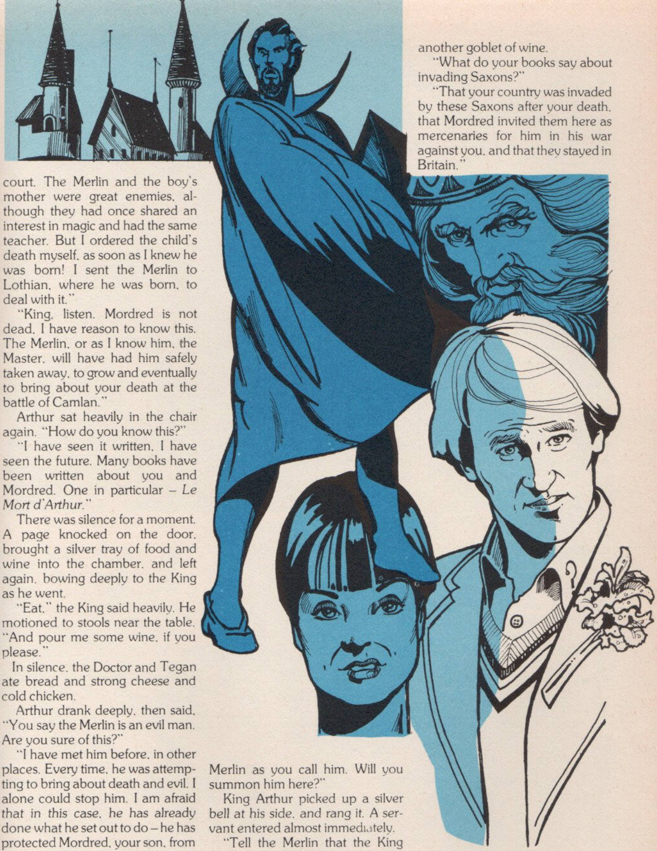
"King Arthur, does the name Mordred mean anything to you?"

The King's face paled. His eyes gleamed, revealing hatred, fear and anger.

"What do you know of Mordred? Nobody knows that name but myself and the Merlin."

"I know that Mordred will be your death. When was he born? Was the Merlin here then?"

"I . . . yes, he was born about a year after the Merlin came to my



court. The Merlin and the boy's mother were great enemies, although they had once shared an interest in magic and had the same teacher. But I ordered the child's death myself, as soon as I knew he was born! I sent the Merlin to Lothian, where he was born, to deal with it."

"King, listen. Mordred is not dead. I have reason to know this. The Merlin, or as I know him, the Master, will have had him safely taken away, to grow and eventually to bring about your death at the battle of Camlan."

Arthur sat heavily in the chair again. "How do you know this?"

"I have seen it written, I have seen the future. Many books have been written about you and Mordred. One in particular – *Le Mort d'Arthur*."

There was silence for a moment. A page knocked on the door, brought a silver tray of food and wine into the chamber, and left again, bowing deeply to the King as he went.

"Eat," the King said heavily. He motioned to stools near the table. "And pour me some wine, if you please."

In silence, the Doctor and Tegan ate bread and strong cheese and cold chicken.

Arthur drank deeply, then said, "You say the Merlin is an evil man. Are you sure of this?"

"I have met him before, in other places. Every time, he was attempting to bring about death and evil. I alone could stop him. I am afraid that in this case, he has already done what he set out to do – he has protected Mordred, your son, from certain death, so that the child can grow. I can do nothing about that now. The child will be well hidden. Nobody could find him. But I can help you get rid of the Master, the Merlin as you call him. Will you summon him here?"

King Arthur picked up a silver bell at his side, and rang it. A servant entered almost immediately.

"Tell the Merlin that the King requests his presence here at once. Do not mention these guests of mine."

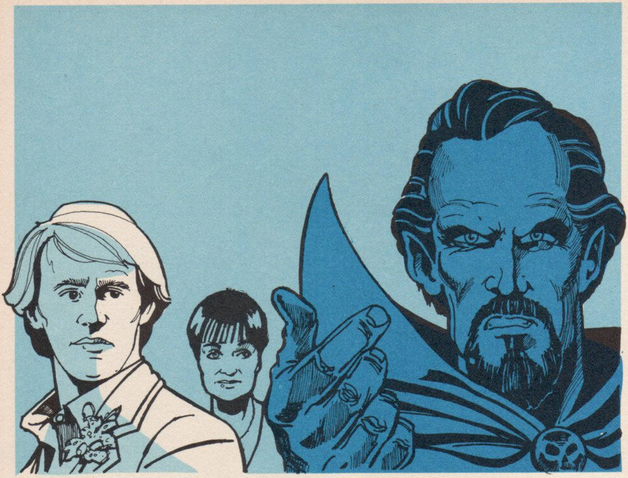
He paused, his chin on his hand, then rose and poured himself another goblet of wine.

"What do your books say about invading Saxons?"

"That your country was invaded by these Saxons after your death, that Mordred invited them here as mercenaries for him in his war against you, and that they stayed in Britain."

"Then that too is already too late to remedy."

"They will come here, yes. That



is certain. History has been written. But not until after your death, which must not be until you have made Britain one country, under the rule of one King. The Master may have contacted them already, it may be a part of his plan."

The King paused again. "Somebody has, for sure. They send over parties of marauders to my eastern and southern shores. They kill, plunder, burn the churches, and each time my armies are unprepared. I had never before considered that the traitor was my own Merlin."

"He is not a Merlin. He is not a good man: he is not human."

"Not human!"

"Forgive me, this may be hard to explain. The Master, as I know him, and I are what is known as Time Lords. We have travelled to many different planets, even to different galaxies, and to many different times. The Tardis is a ship, as I have said, but it travels in both distance and time. This girl – Tegan, my companion, comes from a future century. That is how she, as well as I, knows your history."

Arthur looked across at Tegan. "You, then, are also of the opinion that this – this Master is an evil man?"

"Yes," Tegan said, "the Doctor and I have met him before many times."

The door opened and a page entered. "The Merlin, Sir," he said.

The Master was wearing a long cloak of black velvet with a high stiff collar, under which a silver robe gleamed.

"King," he said smoothly, bowing low, "what can I do for you?"

"Good afternoon," the Doctor said politely.

The Master stopped short, and turned. For a moment his face revealed extreme anger. Then he smiled, showing his teeth.

"Ah, Doctor." His gaze travelled to Tegan. "And your delightful travelling companion too. What a pleasant surprise."

"You know these people?" the King asked abruptly.

The Master spread his hands. "But of course. They are both – acquaintances of mine, shall we say."

"Enemies," corrected Tegan angrily.

"My dear!" the Master protested mildly. His eyes gleamed maliciously. "Tell me, Doctor, what destruction are you planning this time?"

The Doctor regarded him steadily. "The destruction of your own evil doings. You have initiated the birth of Mordred. You have saved him from being killed as a baby, so that he could grow up and kill King Arthur. What are *you* planning now – Saxon invasions?"

The Master laughed, not a pleasant sound.

"Really, Doctor, I would have thought that even your wild imagination would have drawn the line there. How could I possibly have initiated, as you put it, the birth of the child Mordred?"

"You have an ally in the King's half-sister Morgan, the child's mother, despite your pretended hostility towards her. She, as everyone knows, would do anything to harm the King."

"That's true," the King said. He sighed. "I had her banished, she and her husband Lot of Lothian. Since then, they have done nothing but cause me trouble where they can."

"She is an evil woman," the Master agreed solemnly. "I have always said so. My lord King, have you considered – forgive my presumption – but has it occurred to you to think that these strangers might be the enemy? You have seen the services I have done you and your court. I have always done whatever lay in my power. And what do you know of this stranger here? What proof do you have of *his* goodness?"

The King nodded gravely. "I have considered this. I do not listen to the words of strangers lightly. I have doubted their words, of that you may be assured. But I *have* seen the results of your services – Saxons at my shores, the doings of Lot and Morgan, creating trouble all the time. Old Blaise, who served my father Uther, would have seen such trouble before it began. But you!" He paced the chamber. "You, whoever you are, not only have you failed to prevent it, but I believe that you have been behind most of it, if not all. You have turned half my court against the other half by your machinations, and both halves come in anger to me, demanding to know who takes precedence over whom, and which of all the princes is senior. You *have* done all in your power, and you shall answer for it."

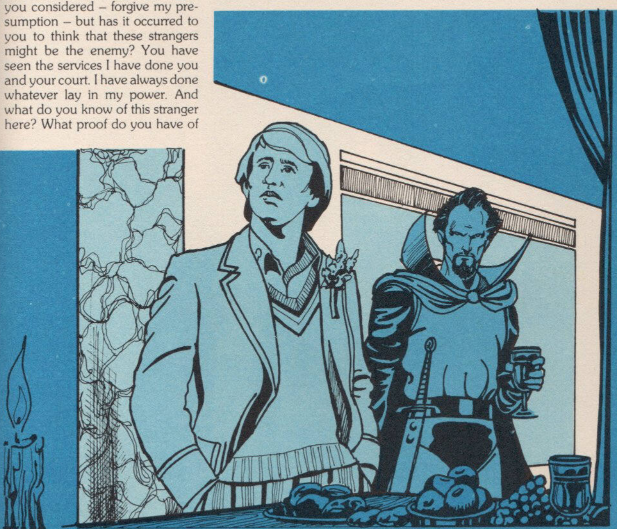
The Master turned to the Doctor and Tegan. " I congratulate you, Doctor. You have convinced the King here of your lies."

"Not lies," the Doctor replied. "I have known you for too long to doubt your evil intentions."

"You will be sent for trial," the King said. "I shall be seen to be just. Return to your chamber and wait there until you are summoned." He rang the bell and summoned the guard. "Escort the – the Merlin to his chamber in the east tower. Keep him securely guarded until I send for him."

The Master smiled ironically at the Doctor, then bowed mockingly to Arthur. "Foolish mortal," he said, almost sorrowfully. "I shall, as you wish, go to my room."

He turned and left the chamber,



the black cloak swirling about him. They heard the mailed feet of the guard marching up the spiral staircase, becoming fainter and fainter, until they died away altogether.

The King turned to the Doctor. "I must thank you," he said. The Doctor bowed deprecatingly.

"Doctor . . . ." Tegan began.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Something – isn't right."

"What do you mean?" asked the King. "You are sure that this man –"

"Yes, yes," the Doctor said hurriedly, "there is however something wrong here."

"He gave in too easily," Tegan said, puzzled. "Do you think he saw us arriving, and was prepared for this?"

"No," Arthur said, shaking his head, "the forest where you say you left your Tardis is to the west of the castle; the turret room is in the east."

"That's it!" the Doctor cried. "The turret room! His Tardis! Hurry!"

"Has anyone seen inside the room?" Tegan asked urgently.

"No, he allows nobody inside. But –"

"We must stop him from entering that room!" the Doctor ex claimed. "Quickly!"

The King hurried to the door, throwing it open. The Doctor and Tegan followed as Arthur took the steep spiralling staircase three steps at a time. The guards stood sharply to attention as the King swept past them and threw open the turret room door. It was empty of all furniture, a bare stone cell. The Master too was gone.

"What does this mean?" the King demanded, turning to the Doctor.

"This room was the shell for the Master's Tardis," the Doctor replied in annoyance. "I should have guessed. He brought his Tardis into his room, and to prevent anyone tampering with any of the vital instuments in it, he forbade them entry. You won't see him again. He has accomplished what he set out to do. Now it is our task to delay it as long as possible, to establish your rule so firmly that nobody can create serious trouble for a long time. We must build the Arthurian legend."

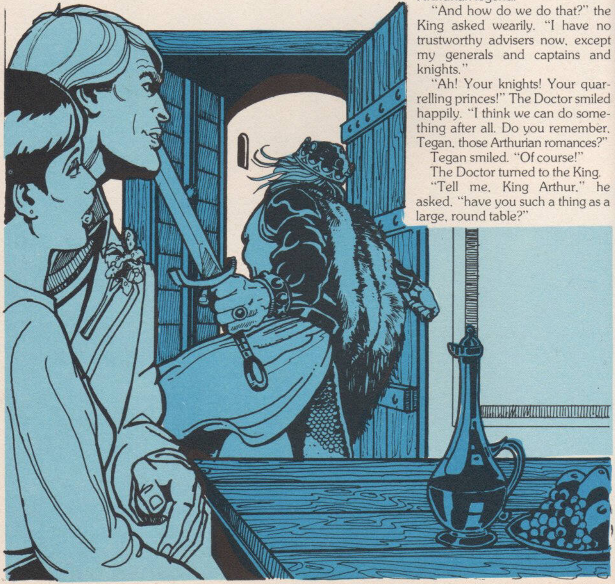
"And how do we do that?" the King asked wearily. "I have no trustworthy advisers now, except my generals and captains and knights."

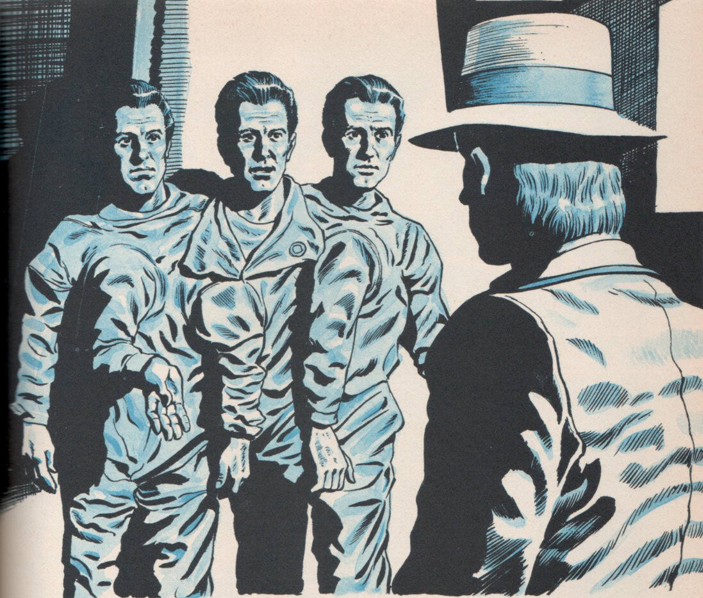
"Ah! Your knights! Your quarrelling princes!" The Doctor smiled happily. "I think we can do something after all. Do you remember, Tegan, those Arthurian romances?"

Tegan smiled. "Of course!"

The Doctor turned to the King.

"Tell me, King Arthur," he asked, "have you such a thing as a large, round table?"





CLASS 4 RENEGADE

The three heads nodded in unison, but only the one on the right spoke.

"Okay, okay! So I'm no hologram star — but at least I'm human!"

The Doctor, Tegan and Turlough examined the extraordinary being in front of them. It had three heads, five arms and four legs.

"Are you sure you're a human being?" asked Tegan.

"We were three different human beings before the crash," explained the middle head, "but the surgeons who put us together again — well, they were from Tandemus — they'd never seen a human being before. They thought our craft was a one-seater. You've got to help us find our robot!"

"I'm sorry," said the Doctor, "I am here for a specific purpose. I can't double up as a robot recovery service."

"Why not?" said the middle head. "We'll lay everything on for you — transport, money, what ever. You could really get to know the place. All we're asking is that you help us find our robot."

"Why are you so keen to find this robot?" asked the Doctor. The idea of a few days acclimatisation to the bizarre Melphis lifestyle was beginning to appeal to him.

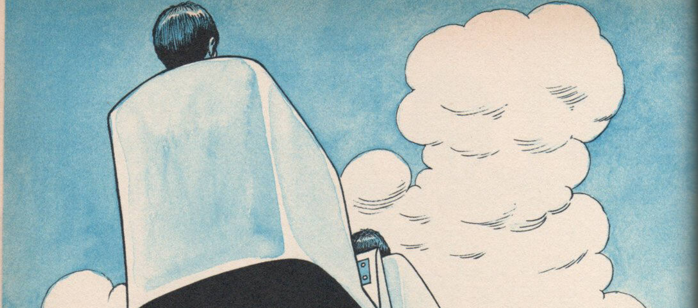
"Because he's got something of mine," said the right hand head.

"What do you think, Tegan?"

"Well, they do say that you can learn just about all you want about a certain civilisation by studying its robotic culture."

"Turlough?"

"Why not?"



The Doctor shook the nearest hand and smiled.

"All right," he said, "we'll help."

"Thanks."

The Doctor had taken Tegan and Turlough to Melphis because his records on the bustling 23rd century staging post were strangely ambiguous, and in some cases, non-existent. They'd only been on the planet an hour before DaSamPete — the three headed man — had cornered them. And now it looked like their first few days would be spent in pursuit of a runaway robot.

"You ever used a Hovva-Hoppa before?" asked DaSamPete, proudly showing them three light blue chairs that hovered about a foot above the ground.

"Anti-grav?" asked the Doctor, peering at the controls.

"You've got it," said DaSamPete, "— here's a vid of the robot."

He handed the Doctor a small plasti-flex disc that carried a moving 3-D computer portrait of a squat robot with long heavy arms.

"Has he got a name?" asked Turlough.

"He's a Class 4 Subsection B — with modifications," said DaSamPete.

Soon the Doctor was piloting his Hovva-Hoppa through the busy streets of Melphis's one and only city, with Turlough and Tegan close behind. The city was teeming with all sorts of life forms and in the courtyard of one market alone the Doctor recognised Stullubrian warriors, Mdimian traders and various nomadic species.

"How are we going to find the robot?" asked Turlough, pulling alongside the Doctor as they passed a stall.

"Who knows?" answered the Doctor. "In the first place — why should a robot run off? Faulty programming?"

"You don't think it's been stolen?" asked Tegan.

"I don't know. That's what we've got to find out."

They made their way to a Robo-Mart on the edge of the city. A green, scaly creature with a metal plate in his forehead was standing by a large paper-thin screen that bore more moving drawings of robots. The Doctor noticed a Mdimian next to him, running some numbers through his wrist control.

"Do you know where I could pick up a cheap Class 4?" the Doctor asked.

"A Fine Digger?" answered the Mdimian, shaking his head. "Not much call for them these days. Melphis's future as a mining town is a long way behind it."

"I see," said the Doctor.

"Have you tried him?" asked the Mdimian, pointing towards what looked like a giant walnut fixed into the wall behind them. "He might know."

The Doctor walked over to the walnut. As he got close he saw a tiny laser recorder moving round the rim of it, covering all the crowds.

"Have you seen any Class 4s around here?" the Doctor asked. The machine didn't answer. The Doctor put a red credit disc into the slot next to the walnut. A light went on and a soft, female voice came out of the synthi-voc. "A Class 4 Subsection B?" it said.

"With modifications," added the Doctor.

"No," said the voice. "There was talk of a Class 4 runaway three days ago. The considered opinion of all concerned was that the robot's only chance was to hide out in the Southern Free Zone."

"Thank you."

The three of them boarded their Hovva-Hoppas and set off. If Melphis's Free Zones were any thing like others the Doctor had encountered in that quadrant, they were in for a testing time. Free Zones were walled sections of large cities where the normal rule of law was suspended. They were usually rundown areas populated by thieves, runaways, murderers, malfunctioning robots and mutants of every shape and hue.

They checked in at Southern Free Zone Control, and walked through the gates. Immediately they were surrounded by tiny hooded creatures who tugged at their clothes and held upturned claws towards them.

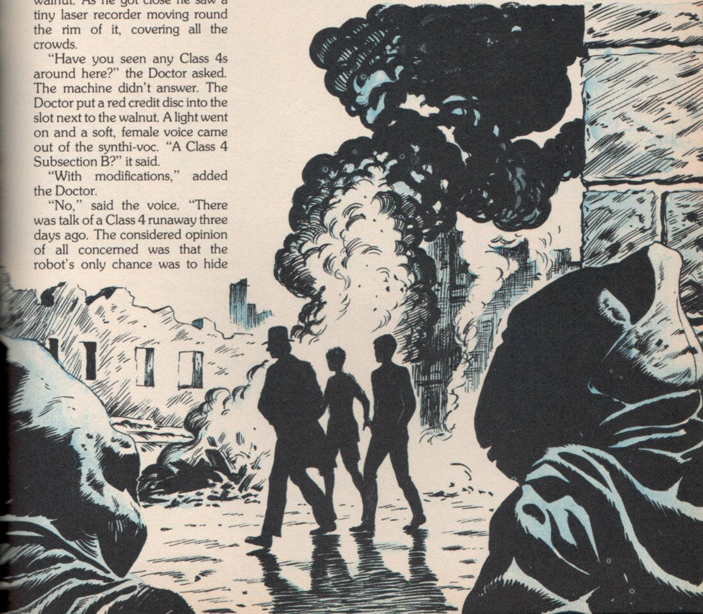
They made their way through the filthy streets, sidestepping huge craters and changing direction to avoid the thick black smoke that rose from piles of burning rubbish.

"You looking for somebody?"

They turned to see what appeared to be a young human with spikey yellow hair.

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "We're looking for a Class 4 Robot, but we mean him no harm."

The youth laughed and the Doctor caught sight of a maze of superthin wiring where his tonsils



should have been.

"That's what they all say," said the android, "but we don't like snoops."

Tegan shifted uneasily as a small crowd of alien beasts gathered round them.

"You're looking for a Class 4 Robot, aren't you?" said a Class 2 Domestic. The Doctor nodded. The Robot opened a panel on its chest. "Well I'm sure I've seen him recently, but my circuits aren't all they might be. You're not with Law Enforcement, are you?"

"Not at all," replied the Doctor, adjusting the Robot's circuitry. "I can get your memory working, and your co-ordination, but I'm afraid you need a complete overhaul in behaviourial." He connected the last by-pass programme and snapped the casing shut.

"Thank you," said the Robot, "that's much better. The Class 4 Robot was in the Free Zone only this morning. He was trying to set up some business transaction, but he couldn't get any takers."

"What kind of business?" asked Tegan.

"He was trying to sell Antherack. Nobody was buying. And then, not so long ago, two men came and took him away."

"What kind of men?"

"Humans. From their dress I'd say they worked for The Brothers."

"The Brothers?" asked Turlough.

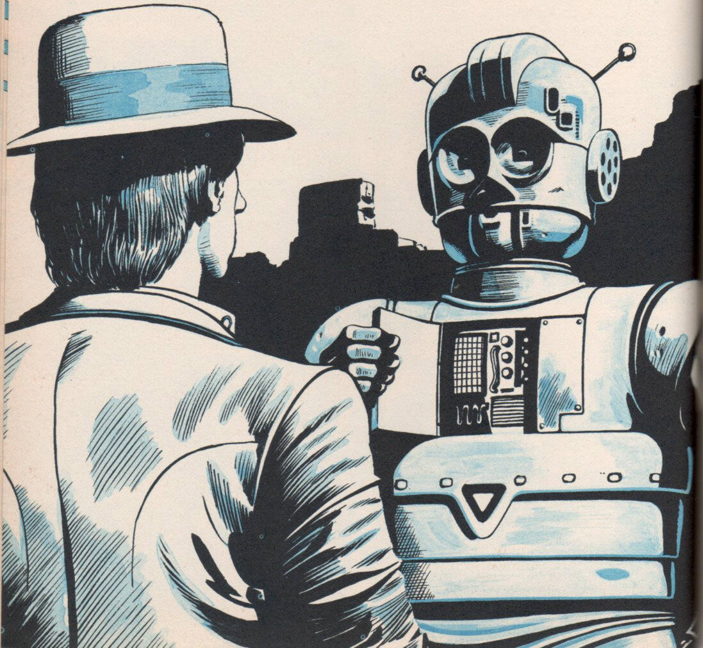
"Yes," replied the Robot. "DaSamPete."

As they hovered back to the Tardis, Turlough and Tegan argued furiously.

"It's not exciting, you imbecile!" Tegan said scornfully. "It's a waste of our time!"

"No, it's not!" said Turlough. "It's good fun. By the way, Doctor — what's Antherack?" The Doctor slowed down his Hovva-Hoppa.

"It's an illegal energy source," he explained.



Suddenly, the crowded road ahead began to empty and they saw the huge bulk of a Mo-Trans bearing down on them.

Mo-Trans were heavy duty product transporters and the Doctor was well aware of their dismal braking capacity.

"Onto Hop!" he ordered his colleagues, stabbing the red button on his controls. As one, the three Hovva-Hoppas leaped into the air while the Mo-Trans, now apparently out of control, jack-knifed under them and came to a shuddering halt by a seedy looking stall selling used Vid-Helmets. The Doctor put his Hovva-Hoppa into a tight turn and swooped down to the Mo-Trans cab. Inside, an all-purpose Class 6 sat motionless.

"Aha," said the Doctor with a grin, "now perhaps we'll get somewhere." He climbed off his Hovva-Hoppa and pulled the Class 6 from the cab. He opened the face panel and smiled with satisfaction.

"Mind if I borrow one of these?" he asked the Vid-Helmet vendor. The vendor smiled, walked round his stall and took several yellow credit discs from a magnetic purse on the Class 6's forearm. He gestured for the Doctor to take his pick of the helmets.

"What are you doing?" asked Tegan. The Doctor continued connecting the helmet to the robotic head.

"I may be wrong," he said, carefully removing a phial of green coloured liquid, "but I think our friend the human has been using us."

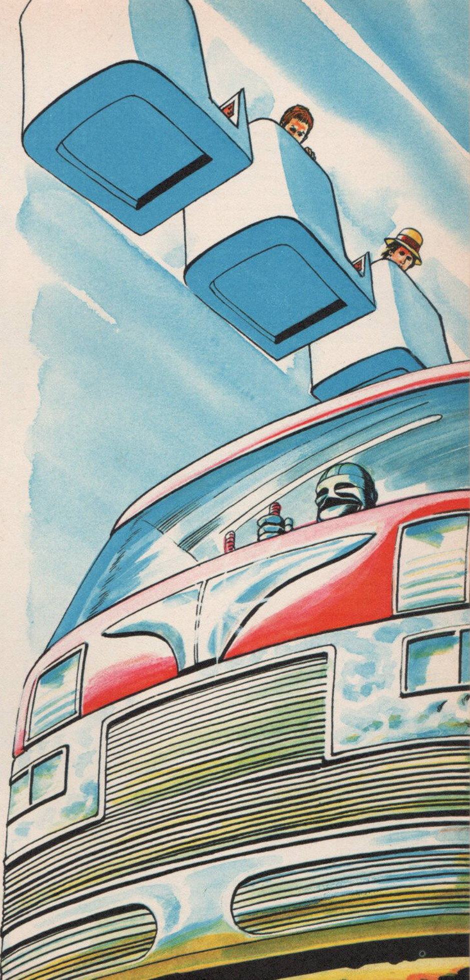
"How do you mean?"

The Doctor finished his delicate work and switched on the Vid-Helmet. On the screen, a series of drawings, numbers and coloured shapes appeared.

"It's as I thought," said the Doctor, carefully adjusting a dial. "DaSamPete tricked us into finding the Class 4 Robot for him."

"Why?"

"He probably thought we'd be better at it than his men. You see,



DaSamPete — or The Brothers as they used to be known — are notorious smugglers. The Antherack was theirs, buried for safety outside the city. The robot, with no real work to do, is digging away one day when he comes across DaSamPete's hidden consignment. Even though he's only a Fine Digger, the Robot knows he could make enough to buy his freedom and get a complete programming change."

"So he tries selling the Antherack in the Free Zone?" asked Turlough.

"Exactly. And now we must hurry if we are to stop DaSamPete getting their hands on the filthy stuff."

Using the co-ordinates revealed by vibro stimulation of the Class 6's cranial micro-core, the Doctor, Tegan and Turlough sped to DaSamPete's recycling factory, where the Robot was being held. When they entered, they saw him suspended by chains over a boiling acid vat. Beside him, on an observation platform, stood DaSamPete, shouting at him in a threatening manner.

"Leave that robot alone!" the Doctor called out.

As DaSamPete turned angrily to deal with the interruption, one of the Robot's heavy telescopic arms grabbed the supporting pole to the observation platform and pulled. The platform began to topple and DaSamPete's five arms grabbed wildly at fresh air.

"No!" cried Tegan.

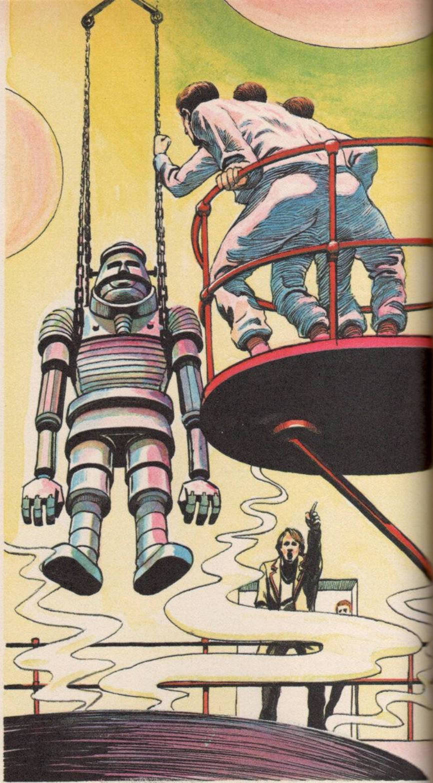
But it was too late. The Robot, DaSamPete and the observation platform toppled into the vat. There was a loud hissing sound, a cloud of noxious gas, and then silence.

"What do we do now?" asked Turlough.

"We inform the authorities, of course. They'll have to dispose of the Antherack."

"And then?"

"And then," said the Doctor, "we find out exactly how this strange society really functions."



There was a growl of machinery behind them, a loud metallic belch, and a small ball of undissolved metal rolled out of a pipe near the base of the vat.

"The Class 4 Robot — or what's left of him," explained the Doctor, holding up the jet black lump.

"Can I keep it?" asked Tegan.

"Why?" asked Turlough. "Don't tell me you're getting sentimental about a criminal robot."

"Not exactly," said Tegan, "I just thought it would make a pretty good paperweight."

The Volcanis Deal

A fierce glare struck at the Doctor's eyes, almost blinding him, as he stepped out of the Tardis.

Beneath his feet the ground heaved and split, gushing boiling mud and glowing lava. Flames licked round him with a heat so fierce that if the insulation in his white frock coat and cricket whites had failed for even a second, he would have been roasted alive.

The furnace-like eruption had begun without warning. It ended just as abruptly.

Clouds of poisonous fumes, sickly green and sulphur yellow, drifted over the nightmare landscape of cooling slag, the bright white glare of which faded swiftly to a bloodshot red and then to a dirty, still steaming purple.

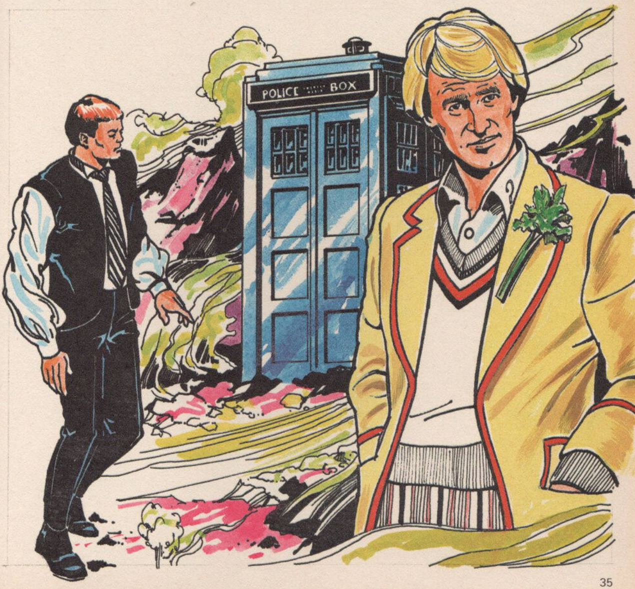
The Doctor's companion, Turlough, kicked disgustedly at the cooling slag.

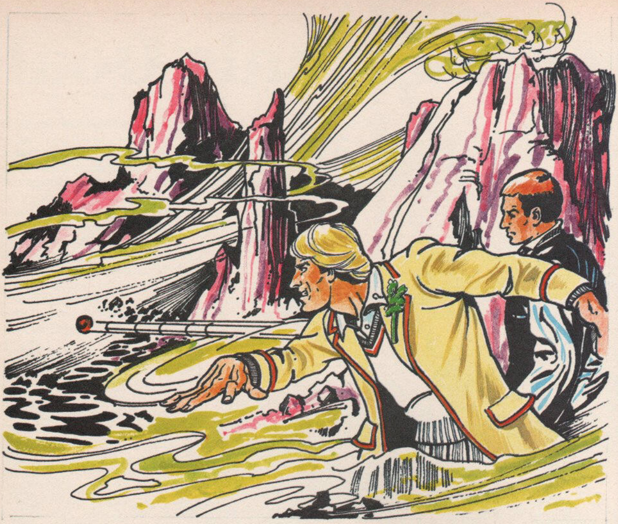
"According to the Tardis's geology readout, this planet is the richest in rare minerals that we've ever struck," he commented. "But what use is it? How would you ever get people to come here and work it?"

"Fortunately, Turlough, that is not our problem," the Doctor replied, suddenly producing a dull red cricket ball from his coat pocket. He smiled to himself, and absently began to stroke the ball.

During the first few centuries of space travel, ordinary men had only been able to reach the planets of their own solar system.

In time, these had been fully developed, and it seemed that exploration had reached a dead-





end because of the enormous distances which separated the sun from even the nearest stars. The Doctor was musing on this. *He* had no such restrictions.

He had made contact with hundreds of alien races on thousands of planets, in many different time dimensions, which had been colonised many light-years from parent Earth. But countless billions of worlds still remained unvisited.

No two worlds were alike. Many were terrifying; all were fascinating. And to a seasoned traveller like the Doctor, the proposition of landing on any new planet always made him inwardly cautious but deliriously happy.

"Volcanis," he remarked, more to himself than to anyone else.

"Pardon, Doctor?" asked Turlough.

"This is Volcanis," he announced.

The Doctor had heard of it, but he had never surveyed it until this moment and he instantly knew it to be a borderline case.

He knew it was rich enough in rare minerals for anybody to make a fortune, but they would have to put up with conditions of hardship and discomfort which even the toughest and most adventurous would hardly think worthwhile.

It was a world in which nature was at its most violent. Sudden electrical storms brought havoc that was like the exploding of nuclear bombs; earthquakes and eruptions struck without warning and little pockets of the planet were shrouded in clouds of acid mist laden with dust.

"Not much here, Turlough. Let's push on, shall we? In fact," said the Doctor heading back to the Tardis, "I feel like a holiday! What would you say to a tan on Ilium?"

"Where?" asked Turlough, frowning slightly. He was still having difficulty coming to terms with the Doctor's eccentricity.

The Doctor stopped just inside the Tardis doors and smiled. "Ilium is a star very like your own sun, with ten planets, one of which just happens to have a beautiful equable climate, and an excellent tourist board."

As if in emphasis of his speech, he suddenly fast-bowled the cricket ball out into the vast, barren wilderness of Volcanis, and disappeared into the Tardis.

"I'm certainly glad to see the last of Volcanis," declared Turlough, as the Tardis throbbed, pulsed and eventually faded from the planet surface.

The Doctor, now wielding a cricket bat, was consulting his astrocharts, and thinking of a recent West Indies Test Match at Lords.

They left Volcanis at a comparatively slow speed.

It wasn't until they were in deep interstellar space that it was safe for the Tardis to break through millions of faster-than-light barriers. From then on, the automatic computers took over navigation, until warning lights on the circular console informed them that they were approaching Ilium.

The Tardis suddenly slowed to normal speed time, about a hundred million miles beyond the orbit of Ilium's outermost planet.

The Doctor paced around the Tardis, swinging his cricket bat. Suddenly, the willow-wood bat changed itself into a wriggling, beady-eyed snake. It wrapped itself around his arm, and it writhed in his fingers, trying to bite his hand.

The Doctor gasped in surprise, flung the spitting snake off him, and saw it slide under an instrument panel. Turlough jumped to his aid. Quickly, the Doctor snatched up a wooden ruler, bent down and poked the snake.

The cricket bat was just a cricket bat again!

The Doctor looked intrigued and slightly bewildered. He studied the bat, then gazed around the Tardis.

"Doctor?" enquired Turlough. "What . . .?"

The Doctor put a finger to his lips, gesturing him to remain silent.

"Must have imagined it," he murmured. "I certainly do need a holiday." He pressed a button, and a cup and saucer emerged from the console. Picking it up, he took a sip of Indian blend tea.

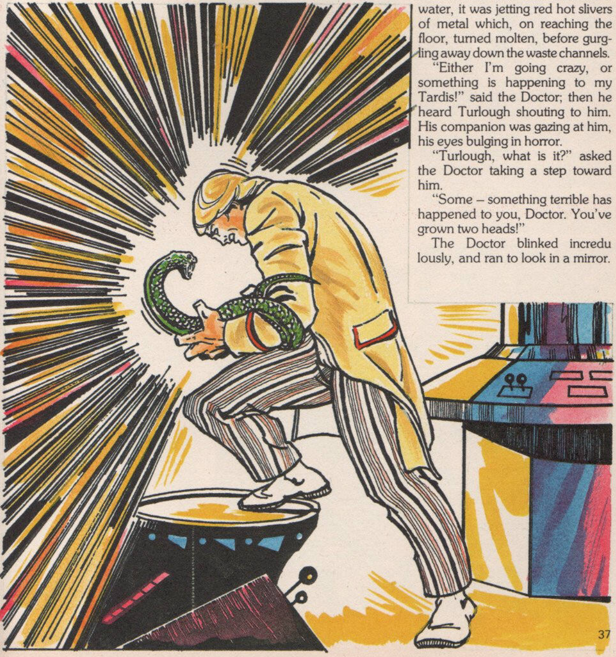
As he put the cup down, he glanced up at the Tardis fire-deterrent sprinklers, then leapt clear of a sudden cascading spray out of one of the nozzles. Instead of water, it was jetting red hot slivers of metal which, on reaching the floor, turned molten, before gurgling away down the waste channels.

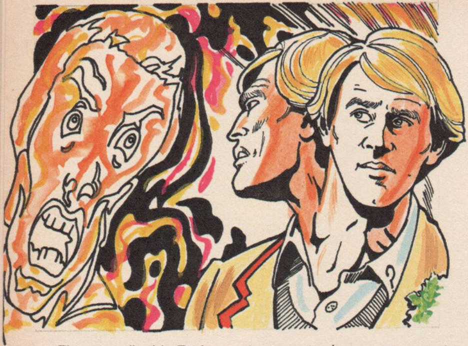
"Either I'm going crazy, or something is happening to my Tardis!" said the Doctor; then he heard Turlough shouting to him. His companion was gazing at him, his eyes bulging in horror.

"Turlough, what is it?" asked the Doctor taking a step toward him.

"Some – something terrible has happened to you, Doctor. You've grown two heads!"

The Doctor blinked incredulously, and ran to look in a mirror.





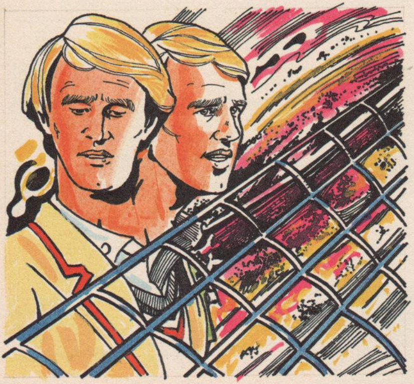
Then the walls of the Tardis started to warp. They were losing their shape and beginning to run like melting wax.

The Doctor crossed to the computer, as everything became distorted as if reflected in moving water. Turlough was nothing more than a blurred elongated shape which writhed like smoke. Then the artificial gravity failed, the computer became one massive spider's web, and it felt as if the Tardis had suddenly somersaulted, leaving them both like flies on a wall.

Suddenly the nightmare stopped and everything snapped back into normal focus.

"Doctor!" Turlough gasped. "What is happening?"

The Doctor frowned. "How is my head now, Turlough?" he asked.



"Just the one now," he said, and the Doctor sighed with something akin to relief, although his mind was racing to find an answer, a solution to the cause of these odd happenings . . .

Then it all started again.

For the Doctor, it was an impression of chaos in which things lost their shape and ran into one another, rather like the effect of accidentally taking several photographs on one piece of film.

Just as suddenly, everything snapped back to normal.

It was as if someone was switching the terrifying effect on and off.

"Doctor! We're changing course!" exclaimed Turlough.

The Doctor ran to the console and began flicking alternative switches to adjust direction. All were inoperative. Suddenly the ticker-tape recorder whirred into life and a strange vocal communication filtered through the console's speakers, echoing within the Tardis.

Turlough and the Doctor froze.

"It's a completely alien language, Doctor," said Turlough.

"Try it on the analysing computer," the Doctor suggested.

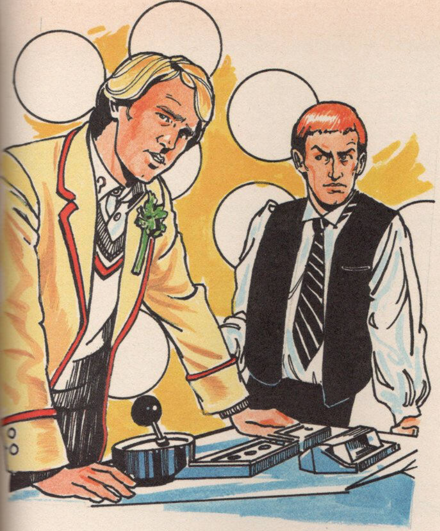
The Doctor had a complex computer which could analyse any new language and compare it with the vast number already lodged in its memory banks. All languages evolved by human-type creatures tended to have certain things in common, and the computer, capable of making simultaneous comparisons by the million, could decode in minutes a language which might baffle a team of human programmers for years.

The Doctor waited impatiently, until Turlough finished scrambling the computer.

"We're getting somewhere Doctor. Listen!" he said.

"MY NAME IS ARLS GLOAM OF ILIUM," came a deep voice, the texture of gravel.

"Ilium!" shouted the Doctor in triumph, as if he had just unravelled some great mystery. The voice continued:



"I AM MAKING THIS RECORDING FOR MY PRIVATE INFORMATION, BECAUSE I AM SHORTLY TO BE BRAINWASHED AND GIVEN AN ARTIFICIAL MEMORY. WHEN THIS HAPPENS, I SHALL NO LONGER KNOW WHO I REALLY AM, BUT SHALL BELIEVE MYSELF TO BE A CITIZEN OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM."

The voice ended and the Doctor stood in deep thought.

"So that's it!" gasped Turlough. "Doctor, these things that have just been happening to us, have been sent by something on Ilium! But why are the inhabitants on Ilium being made to forget their origins and given fake memories?"

"I don't know," the Doctor answered and glanced in the direction of the console. "But one thing I can tell you. That 'something' on Ilium is very anxious to have nothing to do with us. Obviously, they, it, or whatever, have devised some kind of very powerful mental weapon to scare us off."

The Doctor smiled wistfully.

"One thing they forgot, though, was that they underestimated the capabilities of the Tardis. And most of all – and which I find most insulting – they underestimated me." The Doctor picked up his cricket bat.

"I can adjust the course mechanism, so we can get back to our proper route to Ilium, with very little problem. Turlough," the Doctor announced pompously, "all leave is cancelled. We are going to find out what's going on in Ilium."

Due to the Doctor's innumerable talents, the Tardis was spinning on an axis, at slightly sub-light levels a few thousand million miles beyond Ilium, just far enough away to be clear of the mental nightmare with which the system fenced itself off from the rest of the galaxy.

"This is the plan," said the Doctor, and to Turlough's surprise, he opened his mouth and affixed a small plastic instrument inside, to the back of his teeth.

"This," he explained, "is quite harmless, Turlough. Nothing more mundane and rudimentary than a simple radio microphone. You, Turlough, from the Tardis, should be able to hear and monitor me all the way in after we land."

"You're not going on your own, Doctor?" he asked.

"Of course."

"But," said Turlough, about to protest.

"No buts, please. It's settled. I want to know what is happening on Ilium."

Turlough sighed his defeat, well aware that it would be futile to argue with the Doctor once he had made a decision.

The Tardis materialised, making a perfect landing.

As it did so, a fleet of small craft appeared in the blue sky outside and settled all around it.

The doors to the Tardis swished open and as the Doctor stepped

out, something like a lightning bolt hit him.

He blacked out.

It lasted only a few minutes, but when he came round, he was inside an impressive building which he recognised as a Court of Law. He noticed he was lying on a makeshift pallet, and that the people around him were as human as any born on old Earth.

From above his head, an equally impressive man at a golden balcony leaned down and spoke. "You have been brought before this court charged with illegally entering the Ilium System."

The Doctor got to his feet and brushed himself down, grimacing at the flecks of dirt on his frock coat.

"This court has no power to deal with me," he said, "you should know that, for you seem to know a great deal about me. You are speaking to me in my own language."

"We make the law here and we say that we have the right," the man said and waved a gavel down at the Doctor. "You will be treated as any other lawbreaker. You will be taken from this place – and you will be processed!"

"Processed?" echoed the Doctor.

"Your mind will be washed blank so that you will retain no memory of this place. You will, instead, be given other memories which you will believe to be true so that, when you are returned to your own people, you will give misleading answers which nothing can show to be false."

At that moment a uniformed man rushed in. He spoke rapidly in his own language. The man on the balcony listened gravely, then turned to the Doctor.

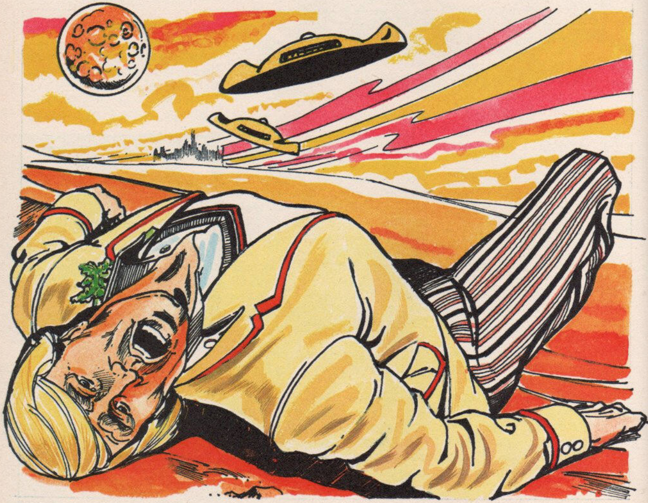
"So. You have a microphone concealed on you. You have been secretly broadcasting. Your transmission was overheard by our monitors. It is now being blocked by static."

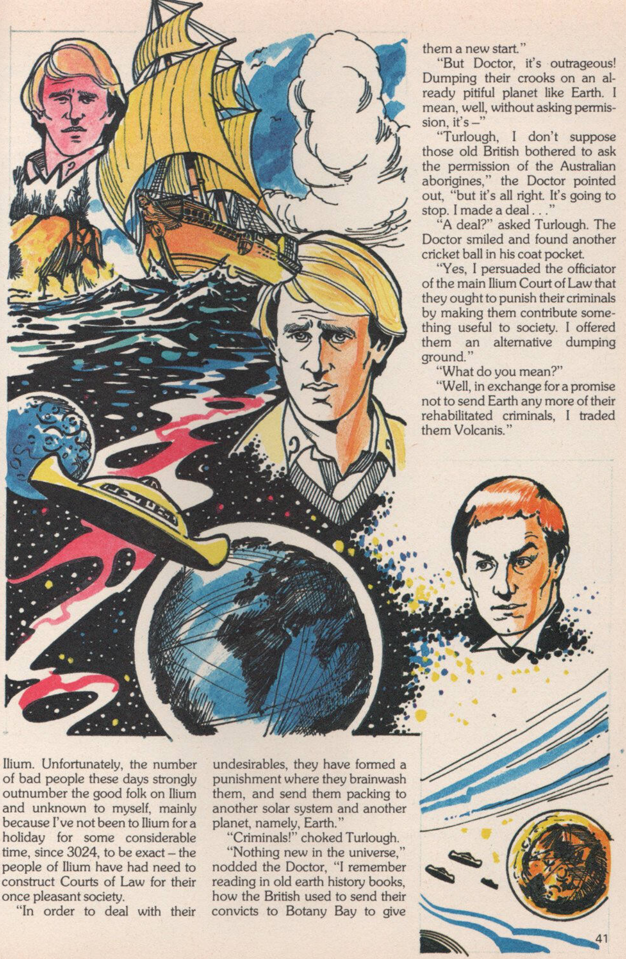
In the Tardis, Turlough was almost demented with worry, as he cursed and kicked the console. He had lost contact with the Doctor. All he could pick up was crackling static. Suddenly, the doors to the Tardis opened, and the Doctor walked in, beaming happily.

"Doctor!" cried Turlough, his face registering both shock and suppressed relief on the Doctor's unexpected entrance. "What happened? I –"

He held up both hands to calm him.

"I've solved it," he announced. "That taped voice we heard earlier, well, that was just one of a number of criminals they have here on





Ilium. Unfortunately, the number of bad people these days strongly outnumber the good folk on Ilium and unknown to myself, mainly because I've not been to Ilium for a holiday for some considerable time, since 3024, to be exact – the people of Ilium have had need to construct Courts of Law for their once pleasant society.

"In order to deal with their undesirables, they have formed a punishment where they brainwash them, and send them packing to another solar system and another planet, namely, Earth."

"Criminals!" choked Turlough.

"Nothing new in the universe," nodded the Doctor, "I remember reading in old earth history books, how the British used to send their convicts to Botany Bay to give them a new start."

"But Doctor, it's outrageous! Dumping their crooks on an already pitiful planet like Earth. I mean, well, without asking permission, it's –"

"Turlough, I don't suppose those old British bothered to ask the permission of the Australian aborigines," the Doctor pointed out, "but it's all right. It's going to stop. I made a deal . . ."

"A deal?" asked Turlough. The Doctor smiled and found another cricket ball in his coat pocket.

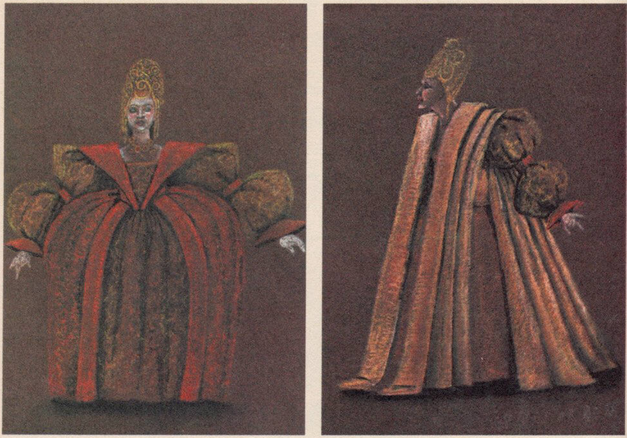
"Yes, I persuaded the officiator of the main Ilium Court of Law that they ought to punish their criminals by making them contribute something useful to society. I offered them an alternative dumping ground."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, in exchange for a promise not to send Earth any more of their rehabilitated criminals, I traded them Volcanis."

THE DESIGNERS

by Brenda Apsley



Dee Robson: Thalia, Time Lady

Many things make for a successful TV series — storyline, script, subject matter and acting among them — but one of the most important is the 'look' of the programme. The *Dr Who* script may tell you that the story is set in 1456, on the planet Scolar, but it is the 'look' that sets that time and place in your mind. TV is, of course, a visual medium, so the look has to be just right, and is of prime importance.

The people who are involved in creating the look of a series are the designers — set designers, costume designers, special effects designers. Together they transform a time and place imagined by the author into a tangible setting, the indispensible backdrop for actors, script, action and storyline.

I went along to talk to two BBC costume designers who have worked on *Dr Who* (among many other programmes) — Amy Roberts and Dee Robson.

First I asked them about training. Had they always worked for the BBC?

The answer was no, they had both had a long and thorough training before joining the BBC — art school first, then some years doing design work for the theatre. People who join the BBC design team work for about five years as assistants before becoming designers proper, so all in all they spend about ten years training in various fields. This varied experience is very important, for they'll be asked to work on many very diverse projects, from period costume dramas — to *Dr Who*! Currently there are something like sixty designers at the BBC, plus about thirty assistants.

Let's say that a designer has been asked to work on a *Dr Who* story. What happens first?

Right at the start, scripts are read, and the designers will have meetings with the director to exchange ideas about the overall look of the story. The writer may have strong ideas on this look, as may the producer and director, and at this early stage makeup artists and set designers will also be involved so that the overall look is sympathetic.

If the story is set in a particular period of history the designers do a lot of research so that details of clothing and overall appearance can be faithfully reproduced. If the time and place are unspecified or imaginary, the designers have more freedom, and can let their own imagination loose.

For instance, when Amy was asked to design for *The Keeper of Traken* the director wanted an art nouveau look, so she turned to various sources of information on the period, including the work of famous Spanish architect Gaudi. Books, pictures, objects and architecture of the period are studied, as are museums and specialist collections like that of the Courtauld Institute. All yield valuable information and ideas.

Do they have to design costumes with a particular actor in mind?

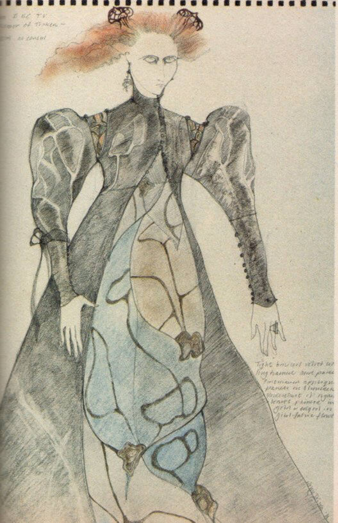
For extras and minor players, no, but if a new costume design was wanted for one of the Doctor's assistants, for instance, the designers would have a photograph of the actor or actress. Producer John Nathan-Turner usually has strong ideas on the appearance of the main characters.

When they've drawn a design of the costume, is that the end of their responsibilities?

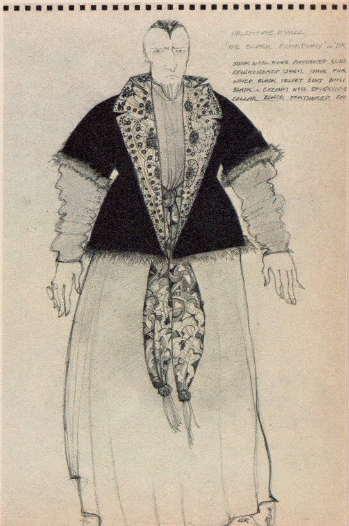
No, it's just the start. It may take just a couple of days to come up with a design on paper — then the real work starts. The designer is responsible for seeing that what she designed is what is seen on the screen, so she stays with the show right through production until the last take.

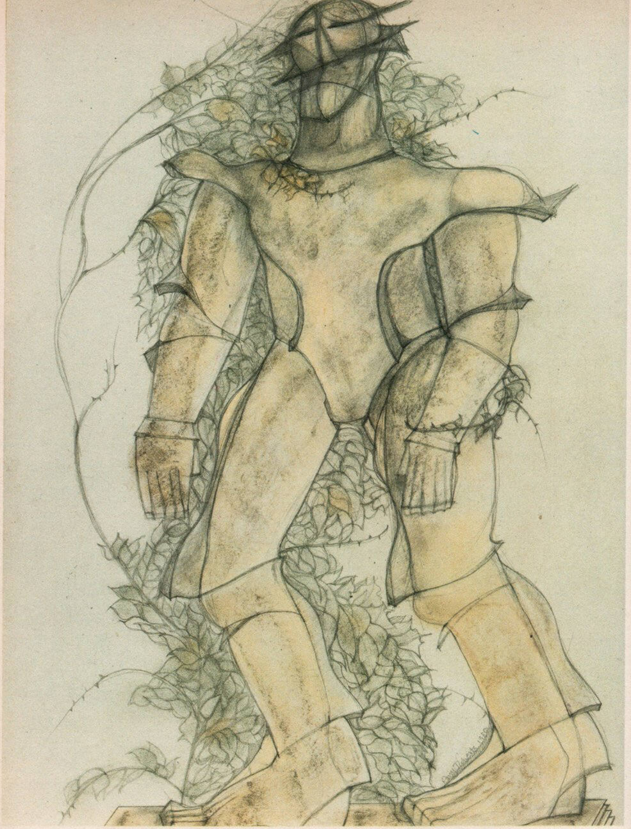
The designers have to work within a fairly strict budget, which pays for costume and makers' fees, etc, and have to ensure that they can dress everyone in the cast with the money

Amy Roberts:
Kassia, from *The Keeper of Traken*



Amy Roberts: The Black Guardian (played by Valentine Dyall) from *Mawdryn Undead*


VALENTINE DYALL
'THE BLACK GUARDIAN' in 'DR
LINED BLACK VELVET COAT WITH
BLACK & CREAM WOOL EMBROIDERED
COLLAR. BLACK FEATHERED

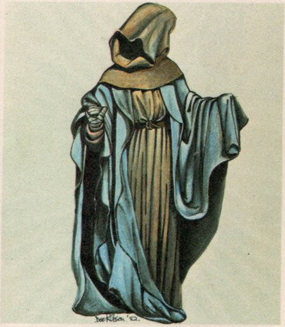


Amy Roberts: The Melkur from *The Keeper of Traken*

available to them. Savings can be made if a story is set in a specific period in history, when costumes from the BBC's stores and hire agencies can be used. But not if the plot involves the outfits being ripped or blown up — in that case duplicates are made up!

The designer has to find the fabrics that will be used, visiting shops and warehouses, plus jewellery, shoes, handbags, umbrellas and gloves — anything that is worn. Shoes are an expensive item to budget for and are rarely made from scratch, improvisations with fabric, felt, buckles, straps and bows transforming basic 'blank' styles.

When colours and designs are decided upon, makers (usually outside the BBC) make up a rough version of the costume, which they take to the BBC so that the designers can see how their designs are translating into actual garments. Alterations can be made, and actors usually see the outfits at this stage, and are fitted.

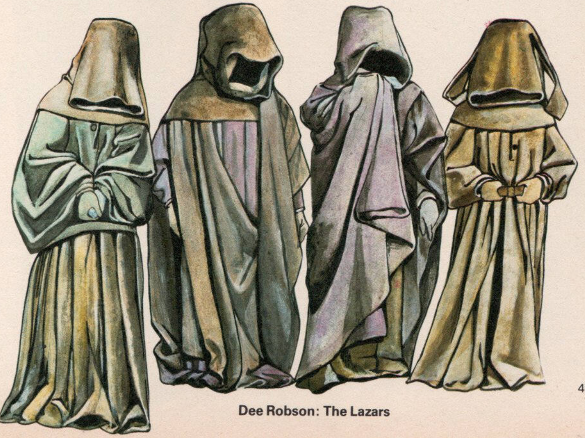

Dee Robson '82.

Once the costumes are complete, shooting can start. Some scenes will be shot on studio sets, others on location. The designer supervises the transporting of costumes, and tells the dressers how the costume is to be worn, when it is to be worn, and who is to wear it! They consult with makeup artists and hairdressers too, for they rely on these specialists to interpret the 'look' so that everything gels. Alterations can still be made, and staple guns are part of a designer's equipment; what the eye doesn't see . . .

The costumes are all new. How is the grubby, worn, dirty look achieved?

Powders and sponges are used, cheese graters can 'rough up' fabrics, and candles give a convincingly grubby effect. Making things look wet on TV is difficult — water just doesn't look wet enough! Glycerine and baby oil give a convincing gleam, and the lighting people help, too.

The designer is responsible for continuity. Series like *Dr Who* are never shot in sequence: the end of the story may preceed the middle and the beginning, and usually does. For this reason one of the designer's indispensible tools is the



Dee Robson: The Lazars

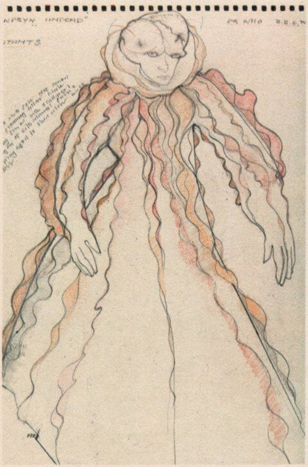
instant camera, so that the changes in appearance can be catalogued and reproduced if necessary. If a shot from scene 30 features someone in a very dirty outfit, it must be cleaned up again so that in scene 2 it is clean . . . and then dirtied to exactly the same degree for scene 31. A visual record is crucial if continuity is to be achieved.

What about the more outlandish costumes, and the actual monsters?

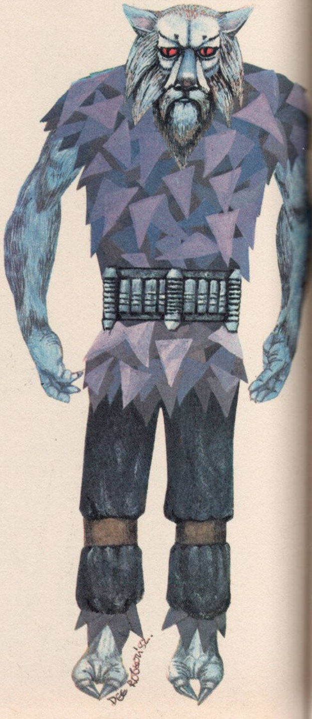
They pose special problems for the designer. The imagination can usually run riot here — but practicality is important. The actor wearing the costume must be able to move around, speak — even breathe! For The Garm, Dee designed a huge dog-like appearance. The costume was very hot and heavy to wear, and the actor had to wear stilts to attain super-monster height. He sweated so much that sweat ran from the fingers of the costume. If costumes are heavy and hot, actors wear T-shirts to absorb the sweat, and usually there are lift-off sections so that they can cool off between takes. The Ergon was so tall in costume that he couldn't get through a doorway that was crucial to the action. Minor adjustments to the set were needed there.

'Monster' fabrics have to be chosen carefully. Fibreglass is noisy, latex dangerous, and costumes have to be fireproof, in case the actor smokes. Some high-shine materials have to be toned down for the cameras, too.

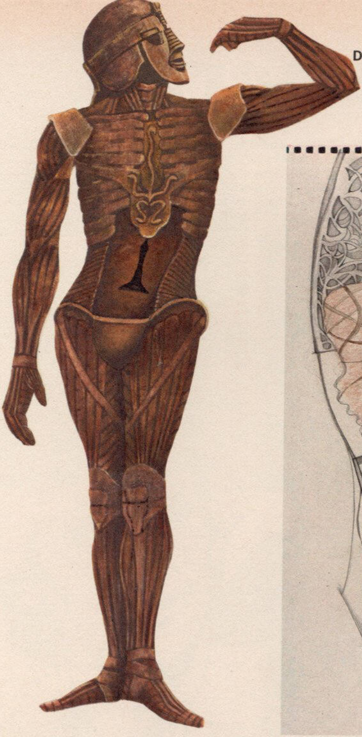
Most of the monsters used in *Dr Who* are made up by Richard Gregory, who is based in



Amy Roberts: Mutant from *Mawdryn Undead*

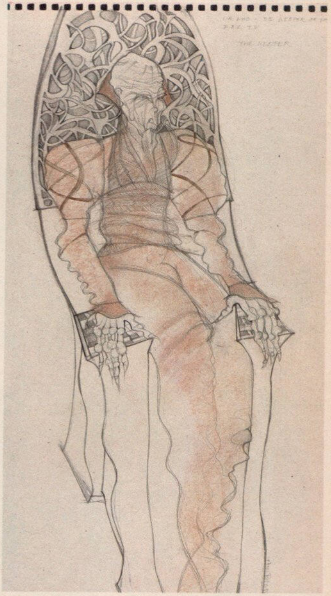


Dee Robson: The Garm



Dee Robson: Vanir

Amy Roberts: The Keeper from *The Keeper of Traken*



Oxford. He turns the designers' ideas into actuality, and is quite used to coming up with weird-looking costumes that make noises, light up or even explode.

So the designers' job doesn't end when a design is committed to paper — it takes weeks and months of hard work and attention to detail before the finished creations appear on the screen. They're responsible for a great deal of the success and popularity of a long-running series like *Dr Who*.

If you'd like to see some of the designs created for *Dr Who*, take a look at the BBC displays in Blackpool and Longleat.

We'd like to thank Dee Robson and Amy Roberts for their help, and also the BBC Costume Department for permission to reproduce original designs.

the nemertines

"Well, Doctor, it's certainly nice to see you again," said Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, as he sat drinking tea with his three guests at UNIT Headquarters. "What brings you here, eh? Business or pleasure?"

"Oh, purely pleasure at the moment," the Doctor replied, smiling. "Since we were in this time zone, so to speak, we thought we'd drop in and see our old friends at UNIT. What's going on in Britain these days, Brigadier? Anything of interest to us?"

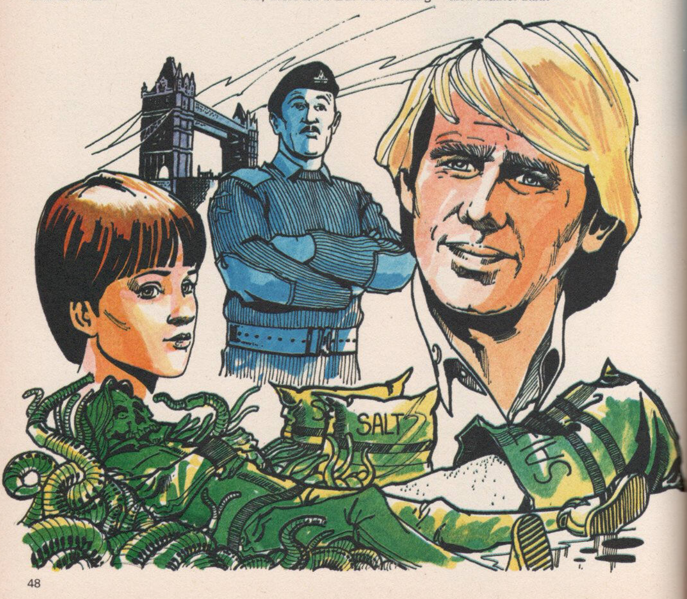
The Brigadier laughed. "Well, not really — unless you can spot any aliens amongst my staff! No, it's been very quiet recently, so we've been indulging in some scientific research. That might interest you, Doctor — we've constructed a mini Dead Sea, and we're testing its potential for producing energy."

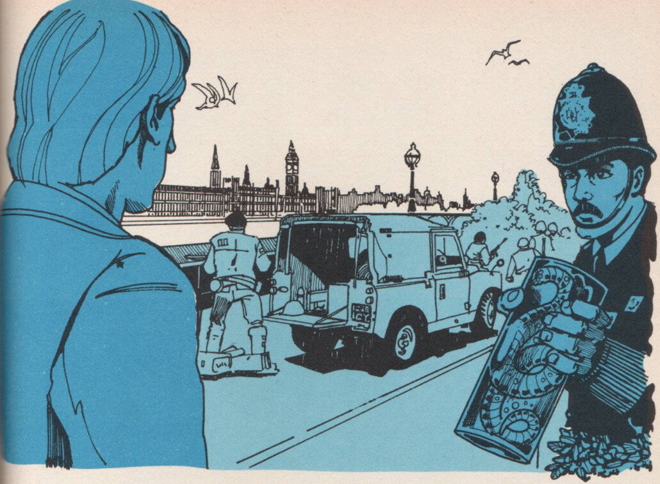
"But they've been testing that for years," said Tegan. "There's nothing secret about that."

The Brigadier smiled at her. "No, there isn't. But we're testing the power-rate of waves in water with extremely high levels of salt content. And, although it's all highly top-secret, I can tell you that we've achieved remarkable results. Anyway, our scientists are working hard on it at the moment. Like to see it? I warn you, though, there's very little to see, other than a huge tank filled with water."

Tegan and Turlough exchanged glances. Intercepting them, the Doctor shook his head, smiling.

"Not today, thank you, Brigadier. I rather think —"





The telephone rang on the Brigadier's desk. "Excuse me," he said and picked up the receiver. In the quiet room the urgent tone of the voice on the other end of the line was clearly heard. The Brigadier frowned as he listened. "Yes. Right away," he said shortly, and put the receiver down. "It seems that we have a problem. The Thames at Westminster is crawling with worms."

"Worms?" echoed Tegan.

"What, ordinary earthworms?" asked Turlough.

The Brigadier shook his head. "No, these seem to be mutants of some sort. They've caught one. Apparently it was taken off the body of a man the police fished out of the river just now."

The Doctor stood up. "May I ask if it would be possible for us to accompany you?"

The Brigadier smiled. "I was about to ask you, Doctor. It seems that there's more here than would at first appear."

"Oh, it's so nice to be back in London!" exclaimed Tegan as they arrived at the Houses of Parliament.

"But you're Australian," protested Turlough. "How many times have you actually been to London?"

Tegan thrust her nose into the air. "That hardly matters. I like the place, and it *is* nice to be here again."

"You might think so now," said the Doctor, "but I've a feeling that you might not like the place so much in a minute. This might be nasty."

As usual, the Doctor was correct. By the side of the river, a group of police officers and UNIT staff was gathered, clustering around something on the ground.

"Move aside, please," said the Brigadier, as he and his three companions made their way through the uniformed people.

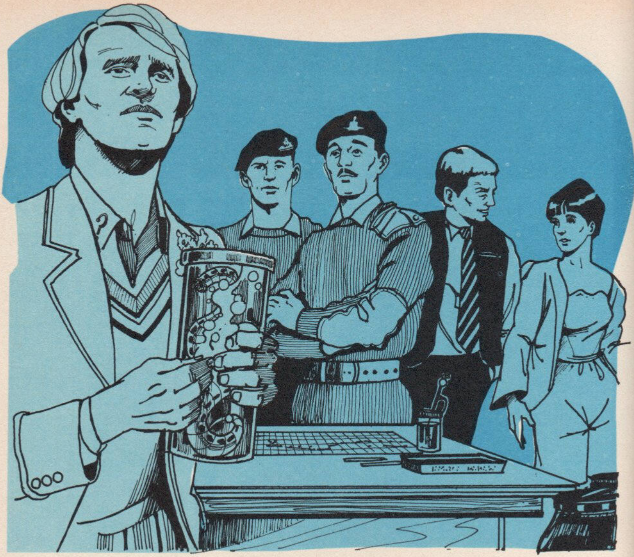
"Doctor, what is it?" asked Tegan in horror, as finally they reached the centre of the group and looked down at the thing on the ground. It was small, shrivelled and covered in slime, the colour of a dried, dead leaf, and wrinkled disgustingly. But it was still wearing the remnants of some clothes — a small scrap of dull red material clung to the thing.

"This is all that's left of a man who set off to go canoeing earlier today on the river," said one of the senior policemen standing nearby. "And this is what was clinging to him when he was pulled out."

He held up a specimen jar, filled with water. In it writhed a greenish-grey object, almost translucent, with a gaping mouth at one end, about which livid white suckers pulsated and trembled. It was long, from what the Doctor could see — about the size of a small snake.

"Interesting," remarked the Doctor, taking the jar and studying the creature closely through the thick glass.

"What is it?" asked Tegan,



wrinkling her nose at the thing.

"Looking at it with the naked eye," said the Doctor, "and it would be a lot easier to classify it under a microscope, I would say that this creature resembles a nemertine."

"A what?"

"A nemertine," repeated the Doctor. "A sort of freshwater worm. They're quite common."

"Doctor," put in the Brigadier, "may I remind you that laboratories and scientific equipment are readily available to UNIT, and to you too, should they be needed?"

The Doctor turned to him. "Thank you. I think we *shall* need them. This friendly little beast will have to be examined. Have you any idea how many there are in this area of the Thames?"

"Doctor," interrupted Tegan. "If these nemertines are freshwater creatures, what are they doing here?"

"Good point," said the Brigadier. "The Thames is salty for some distance, although not strongly saline by any means."

The Doctor looked thoughtfully at the writhing creature in the jar. "When I said it resembled a nemertine, that is what I meant. This creature might *look* a bit like one, but in fact is is very different. As you say, Tegan, it is a freshwater creature in salt water, which is odd. And judging solely by the appearance of it, the worm seems to have adjusted itself quite well. I shall have to find out how when I examine it."

"What do you think those suckers are for?" asked the Brigadier, peering at the worm. "You don't think it has anything to do with that poor chap over there?"

The Doctor nodded. "I should think it very likely. The man appears to me to have had all his bodily fluid drained off — maybe sucked out by these endearing little things."

"How disgusting!" exclaimed Tegan. "What on earth for?"

"It would have to be checked under a microscope," said the Doctor, "but it may have something to do with the salt level in the water and the salt level in the body of the animal."

"Don't call it an animal," said Tegan suddenly. "I always think of animals as being soft and furry, and that thing certainly isn't."

"Don't be silly," said Turlough scornfully, but the Doctor laughed.

"I know exactly what she means. Now, Brigadier, where are these laboratories?"

"I'll take you there," said the Brigadier.

"Now," said the Doctor, "the problem is whether we kill this thing outright, or just take samples from its body?"

"How are you going to make it keep still long enough to take samples?" asked Turlough. "It doesn't look very happy to me."

"I don't think it has a right to be happy," put in Tegan. "Nasty thing."

"That's a moot point," said the Doctor. "But Turlough's right. It doesn't look at all happy."

The worm had stopped writhing in the jar, and now hung in the water, its suckers pulsing feebly. It had a bloated look about it, and its colour seemed to be fading to a dirty greyish-white.

"Is this water from the river?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," said one of the UNIT scientists. "When the worm was pulled off the body of that poor man, the jar was filled straight from the Thames."

"Right," said the Doctor. "The first thing to do then is to test the salt content of that water."

"There won't be very much salt in there," warned the Brigadier.

"That's what I'm hoping for," said the Doctor smiling. He opened the jar and picked up a pipette from the bench in front of him.

"Do you understand all this?" asked Turlough, turning to Tegan. She pulled a face.

"Well, no — not quite. But I'm beginning to get an idea of something from the biology lessons I had at school."

"Well, I'm glad you're so clear about everything," said Turlough sulkily. "Would somebody like to let me in on the secret?"

"You were right, Brigadier," said the Doctor triumphantly. He held up the jar. "This water is only very slightly salty. And look at the creature now."

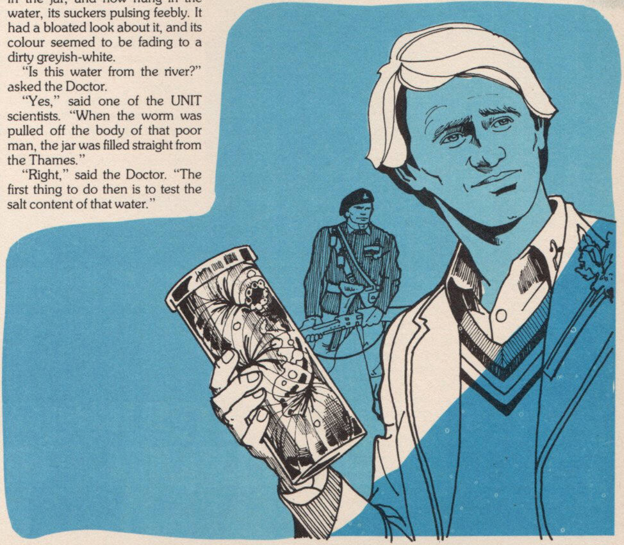
The worm's slimy body was swelling still further — it almost filled the jar, and the water level seemed to have dropped.

"Of course you realise what is happening?" said the Doctor.

"In a way," said Tegan guardedly.

"No," said Turlough. "I don't understand this at all."

"Osmosis," said the Doctor simply. "That's all it is. This creature has peculiar cells — at least, you'd call them peculiar, for this animal in its normal state. I'm not sure what caused it to happen, but something made this creature mutate from the harmless little worm it once was into what we have here. Now, part of this mutation was that the body cells changed, and the walls of these cells allow water through."



"I see," said Turlough. "So why were you so interested in the salt content of the water?"

"Because," said the Doctor, "when they came into salt water, these creatures had to establish and maintain a stable salt content in their own bodies to correspond with that in the Thames water, or they would simply dry out as a result of osmosis. What happens in this process is that when you have a cell wall like this, water will pass through it into a more concentrated solution on the other side. Do you see? When this creature arrived in the salt water, it had to take in salt so that its body fluids wouldn't all pass out of it into the water."

"But this one appears to be swelling," said the Brigadier.

"Yes," said the Doctor. "Now, this one was found clinging to the body of the man, wasn't it? He, as I said, had his body fluids sucked out of him, and we know that body fluids are salty. In fact, this worm had gorged itself on that salt, and so was more salty than the water in which it was found. Osmosis works both ways. The water at the moment is flooding into this creature's body cells and swelling them up. It can only do this for a short time though — until the worm's body is so bloated that no more water can possibly get in. If, when this happens, the worm is still in this water, it will die."

"I wonder how many of these things there are in the Thames," said Tegan. "It's going to be difficult to get rid of them all, isn't it?"

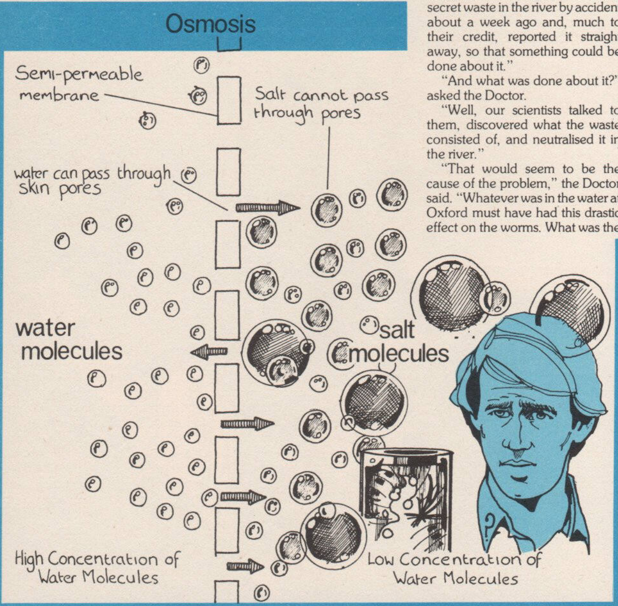
"Yes, how many do you think there are?" asked the Brigadier. "As the young lady says, how do we round them all up? And what made them all come from their freshwater habitat anyway?"

"Oh, I can answer that, sir," said one of the UNIT officers, who was standing nearby. "We had an urgent message from a chemical plant up near Oxford. They dumped some highly toxic, top secret waste in the river by accident about a week ago and, much to their credit, reported it straight away, so that something could be done about it."

"And what was done about it?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, our scientists talked to them, discovered what the waste consisted of, and neutralised it in the river."

"That would seem to be the cause of the problem," the Doctor said. "Whatever was in the water at Oxford must have had this drastic effect on the worms. What was the


Osmosis
Semi-permeable membrane
Salt cannot pass through pores
water can pass through skin pores
water molecules
salt molecules
High Concentration of Water Molecules
Low Concentration of Water Molecules

toxin?"

The officer told him.

"Oh yes," said the Doctor. "That would do it. And it would also, in concentration, have a stunning effect on the nemertines, which would mean their drifting downriver, mutating as they came, without causing any disturbance as they did so. And they would have woken up — when? Yesterday, or the day before."

"Yes, but how many are there likely to be in there?" asked Tegan. "Would the mutating have had any effect on their reproduction — speeding it up, I mean?"

"I would imagine it would slow it down considerably," said the Doctor. "Firstly being out cold for five or six days and then having frantically to extract salt from the water must have had a dampening effect on them, wouldn't you say?"

"So how do we get rid of the wretched things?" demanded the Brigadier. "It's all very well going into details about how they got here, but they must be got rid of."

"I agree," said the Doctor. "And I think I might know how to do it. But it all depends on you and on UNIT."

"On us?"

"Yes. We shall need about a ton of salt — in one solid lump — and something large enough to lift it and all those worms out of the water without losing any over the sides."

"That means using something like a diving bell," said the Brigadier musingly. "Now, where can we lay our hands on one of those in a hurry?"

"Sir," said his subordinate, "why can't we make use of that new fabric that the scientists have been developing?"

The Brigadier nodded approvingly at him, and turned to the Doctor. "This fabric is a revolutionary new type of plastic, totally waterproof and very strong indeed, coated with a substance which is at the moment highly secret."

"But will this plastic be strong enough to hold all that salt, plus the weight of the nemertines and a lot of water?" asked the Doctor.

One of the UNIT scientists stepped forward.

"I think it will," he said. "At the moment, it is in the later stages of testings, and I think it will be strong enough."

"Good," said the Doctor briskly. "In that case, we shall need as much of it as you can lay your hands on, a large high-sided vehicle to transport a large tank — and the tank itself. Brigadier, may we borrow your mini Dead Sea?"

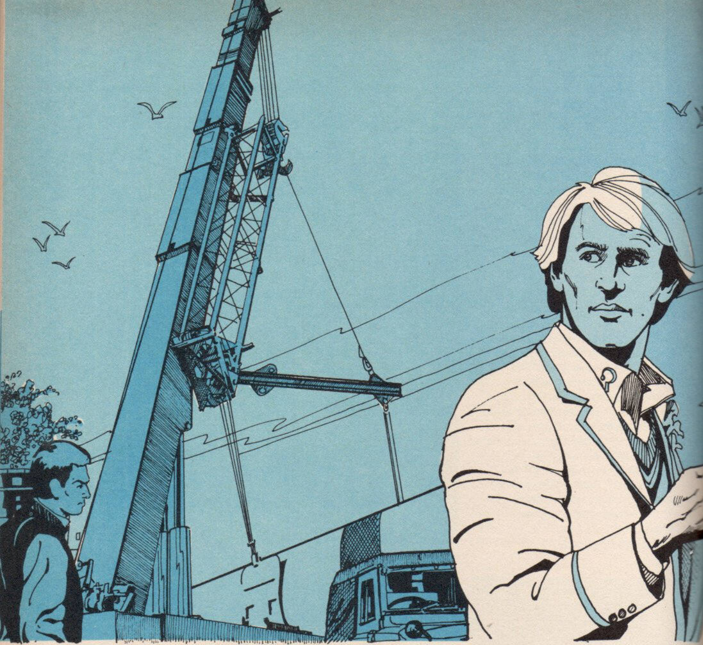
"Certainly," said the Brigadier, and began to give orders to his staff.

"Doctor," said Tegan, "I thought you intended to kill these things by osmosis?"

"So I do," said the Doctor.

"Then why do you want to borrow the mini Dead Sea? That water is almost entirely salt."

"That's right," said the Doctor. "And that's what'll kill them. It's



osmosis the other way round. Have you ever seen a slug that's had salt put on it? All the body fluids, which are less salty than the surroundings of the slug, leave the body and dry it up."

"Just like that poor canoeist," put in Turlough.

"Exactly," said the Doctor.

A large crowd of people had gathered to see what was going on in the Thames, and the police were having difficulty in keeping them back behind the barriers. UNIT staff and police stood in a group near the huge tank, which had been brought down to London from UNIT headquarters and now stood, waiting for its temporary occupants. Beside it was a tall crane, from the arm of which was suspended an enormous transparent bag. A block of salt the size of a small car could be seen through the bag, which was being lowered slowly into the water of the river.

"Do you think this is going to work?" Tegan asked doubtfully.

"I hope so," replied the Doctor.

"What if it doesn't?" asked Turlough.

"We'll see what happens now before we start considering that," said the Doctor grimly.

The bag disappeared below the grey surface of the water. For a moment, nothing happened. Then there was a sudden commotion in the river, as if the creatures there had scented the salt they craved. The water around the area of the bag seethed and churned and foamed.

"There must be thousands of them," muttered the Doctor. "I hope that bag's big enough."

The water calmed down and became still.

"Bring it up," said the Doctor shortly.

The crane began to lift the heavy load. As the bag broke the surface the onlookers could see through its transparent walls a mass of struggling shapes, writhing and wriggling their way through to the block of salt. The bag was all but full.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Tegan. "I can't look."

She turned away and gazed at the people behind the barriers. Their eyes were fixed on the bag. "What's happening now?" she asked Turlough.

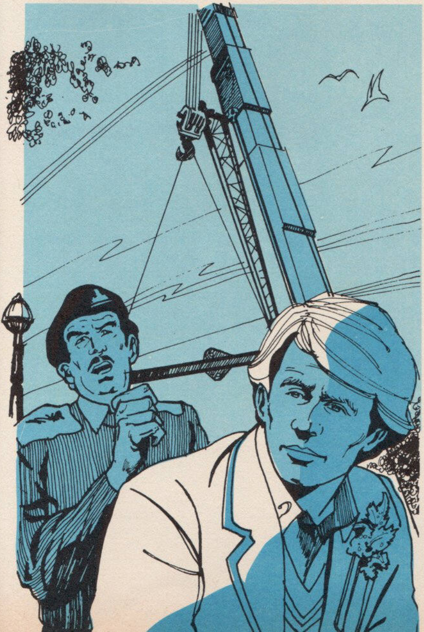
"They're clear of the water and rising," said Turlough. "Listen, I'm not going to give you a running commentary. Look for yourself."

Tegan turned her head cautiously. The bag was on a level with her head, the worms inside horribly close, struggling and squirming inside that delicate-looking plastic. She could see the hundreds of suckers pulsating, livid-white . . . disgusting.

The bag continued to rise, directed by the Brigadier and the Doctor, until it was directly over the huge tank. Then it began to descend, very slowly, until it touched the surface of the water in the tank and began to sink beneath it.

As the bag disappeared beneath the water, there was a tremendous uproar. Lashing worm bodies thrashed the salt water into foam, as if the water itself was boiling. Tegan thought of slugs and salt, and shuddered.

At last the water was still. The Doctor craned his neck over the lip



of the tank and peered in. The block of salt was almost gone, still inside its plastic bag, and floating in the water were thousands of shrivelled white husks, all that remained of the nemertines.

"It worked," said the Doctor quietly.

There was a burst of applause from the UNIT staff and police, which he acknowledged modestly.

"Thank you, Doctor," said the Brigadier, smiling. "We can always rely on you!"

The Doctor smiled back. "Oh, I'm sure your own scientists would have done just the same," he said.

Tegan tapped him on the arm. "Can we go soon?" she asked. "I don't feel too well, if you know what I mean."

"She's squeamish," remarked Turlough, amused.

"Oh dear," said the Doctor. "I was going to suggest that we had fish and chips for tea, but I suppose that's out now, isn't it?"

"Don't!" said Tegan, looking green. "Fish and chips make me think of salt — and I couldn't bear that! Not just yet!"

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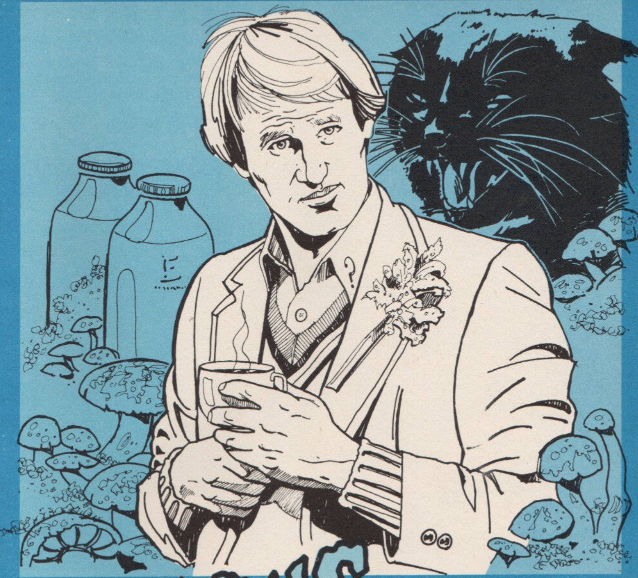


FUNGUS

Edith Stevens was a woman who had never lived without a cat at her side. A cat was cleaner and quieter than a dog – it didn't rush barking to the front door when the bell was rung, nor yet demand vast quantities of expensive meat to eat. And there was nothing nicer than a cat curled up warm and purring on her lap as she watched the television or listened to the radio.

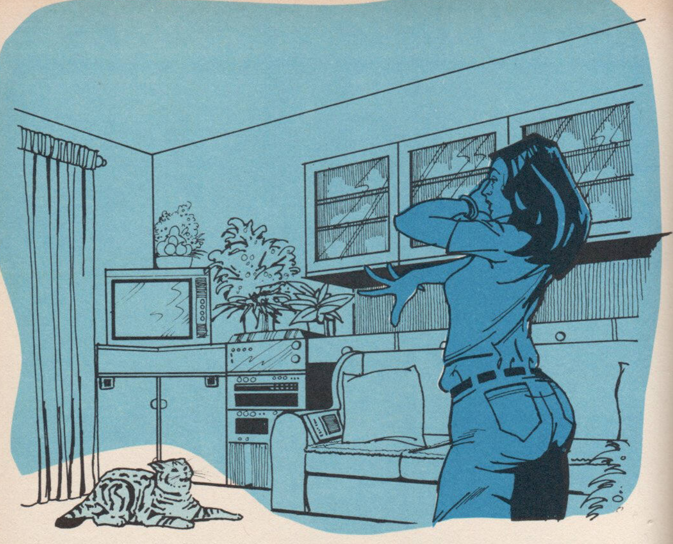
But where *was* Boris? The much loved black shape had not been near her for some days now, most unusual for so affectionate a cat. Edith missed him. But she knew he wasn't far away: each night, the food and milk she put outside the back door was gone, and certainly no other cat would dare to encroach upon Boris's territory, let alone eat his food.

She settled down that evening in front of the television. Once again, there was no Boris to lie warmly on her lap; perhaps he had found himself a female cat in whom he was interested.

Just then there came a sound at the back door – a familiar miaow. Edith hurried to the door and opened it.

"Boris?" she called softly. The cat answered her with another plaintive cry, and the familiar black shape sped past her into the house.

"Where have you been?" Edith



questioned fondly, following the cat into the sitting room. "You had me really quite worried, you bad cat . . ."

Her voice died away as she saw the cat. It was crouching in the far corner of the room, ears laid flat against its head, tail bristling with hostility, while a fierce low growl issued threateningly from its throat.

"Boris?" said Edith falteringly. "What is it? What's the matter?"

Slowly she began to make her way over to the cat, stretching her hand out before her.

The cat watched her closely, green eyes glinting, almost as if it regarded a mouse. She squatted down on her haunches as she advanced, thinking that perhaps the animal had been in a fight and was still frightened and angry, but drew back with a scream of shock and pain as Boris leapt upon her hand, and began to claw at the skin feverishly, snarling and spitting as he did so. Edith snatched her torn and bleeding hand away, and watched in horror as the cat began to dash wildly about the room, tearing at carpets, curtains and furniture, shrieking with rage as it did so.

Shaking and crying with shock and pain, Edith rushed out of the sitting room and shut the door firmly behind her. Then composing herself a little, she went to the telephone.

"It's the same all over the country," Professor Lloyd said despairingly, "people's cats going mad, attacking their owners and each other. There are queues at hospitals everywhere for anti-tetanus injections."

"So, what's causing it?" asked the Doctor gravely. "Or rather, what isn't causing it?"

Lloyd handed him a list of well known cat food brands. "It could be one of these," he said. "Of course, we've done tests on them all, but we've discovered nothing out of the ordinary. That's why we need your help."

"Is it a build-up of some sort of chemical in the water?" mused the Doctor. "No, because that would not account for the whole of the country being affected, would it, since there are different levels of each chemical everywhere. It has to be something that is pretty much the same all over."

"Your tea, sir," said the secretary from the doorway, where he had been hovering discreetly.

"Oh, thank you," said the Professor absently, "put it down here. Milk and sugar, Doctor?"

"No sugar, thank you."

Tea was poured out, and the two scientists sat back, sipping. After a moment, the Doctor looked up urgently.

"Lloyd!"

"What is it?"

"Have you got milk in your tea?"

"Yes, I always –"

The Doctor snatched the cup away from the startled professor and poured both cups back into the tea pot.

"That's it!" he cried.

"What?" demanded Lloyd. "Doctor, really –"

"It's in the milk," the Doctor explained rapidly, "whatever it is. It's the milk, I can taste it. A sort of woody, mushroomy taste, almost. Didn't you notice it?"

"No," Professor Lloyd said smiling, "but then we don't all have your advantages, Doctor."

"Quite," smiled the Doctor. "Tell me, how is milk purified these days? Has there been any new innovation in that area recently?"

"Pasteurisation, just the same as in recent years," Lloyd said, "and there's been no new innovation there, unless you count the new tanks, brought in to replace the old equipment."

"New tanks? How long ago? And where have these new tanks been put?"

"About two weeks ago they were bought, and they're in every large dairy in the country. Why, do you think they might have something to do with these cats?"

"Possibly," said the Doctor, "but we won't know until we've checked. In the meantime, is it possible to halt the distribution of all fresh milk in the country?"

The Professor whistled. "I'll say this, Doctor, you certainly don't do things by halves!"

"No," the Doctor agreed, "and neither must you. We don't yet know if this has an effect on humans, and I don't think it would be advisable for people to wait and see."

The dairy stood silent except for the hum of people's voices. Tanks of unpasteurised milk stood souring outside the doors, while all over the country, milk straight from the cows was poured away down drains. People made do with powdered milk, and dairy workers wondered nervously if their jobs were going to be at stake.

Inside, the huge tanks were stripped down for examination. The Doctor had armed himself with his most powerful magnifying glass, and was standing inside one great steel drum, examining every angle and joint. Professor Lloyd stood nearby, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his white laboratory coat, offering advice and asking questions.

"Where did these tanks come from?" asked the Doctor as he crouched down to peer into one of the great steel pipes.

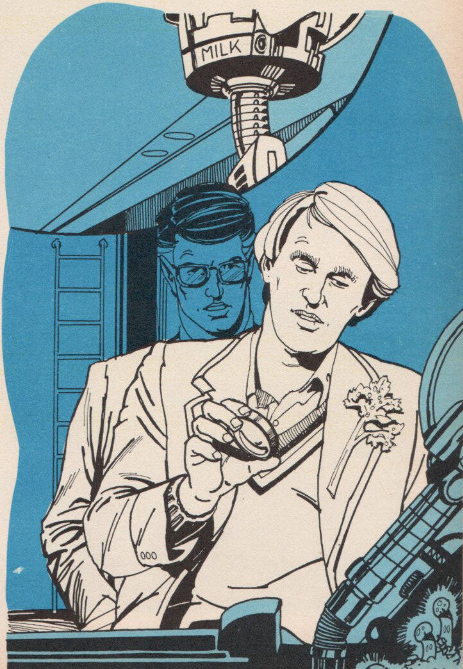
"America," replied the Professor, "they were bought outside Britain this time. I can't think why. We had tanks as good as these, if a trifle more expensive."

"From America," repeated the Doctor thoughtfully, "I wonder . . ."

"What? Really, Doctor, why must you be so secretive?"

"Here it is!" cried the Doctor triumphantly. "In the pipes, as I thought."

"What is it?" demanded the



Answers

Questions of Who

1. Since 1963 there have been five Doctors in all.
2. William Hartnell, Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker and Peter Davison.
3. The young girl companion was called Susan.
4. She used to call him "grandfather".
5. The evil leader of the Daleks is Davros.
6. The Daleks first appeared in a story called *The Dead Planet*, which was screened in the autumn of 1963.
7. Time And Relative Dimensions In Space.
8. The Doctor's home planet is Gallifrey.
9. Jamie and Victoria.
10. The instrument he used to play was a recorder.
11. This enemy is the Master.
12. The actor who used to play the Master was Roger Delgado.
13. He wore a very tall hat.
14. The third Doctor used to wear a frilly dress shirt and a wide cloak.
15. The name of the car was Bessie.
16. Katy Manning.
17. Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart.
18. Nicholas Courtney.
19. United Nations Intelligence Task-force.
20. Skaro.
21. An extremely long scarf.
22. Lalla Ward, who played Romana, married Tom Baker.
23. K9, of course!
24. Sarah Jane Smith was a journalist.
25. Tegan Jovanka.
26. Cricket.
27. Cybermen.
28. The Sea Devils.
29. Sontaran.
30. The Ice Warriors!

Professor, craning his neck to see.

"A type of fungus," answered the Doctor. "I've seen it before, somewhere else. Tell me, where in America were these tanks originally from?"

The Professor consulted a document. "Yes, from Texas. Quite near Houston. But . . ."

"Quite!" the Doctor broke in. "Near Houston. The space centre. That's how these things got here."

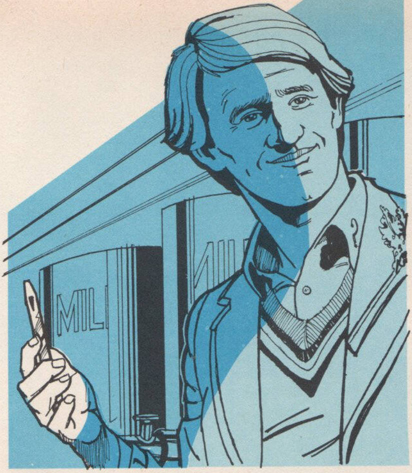
"You mean whatever it is . . . is alien?"

"Yes, yes," the Doctor said impatiently, "but that's not the point. The point is, how do we get rid of them? These things spread remarkably quickly, and if I remember correctly, they are noticeably resilient to all normal fungicides and the other usual methods of removing them."

"Well," said Lloyd, "if you've encountered these things before, wherever it was, you must remember how to get rid of them, surely."

The Doctor paused, thinking deeply. The Professor watched him in silence, knowing the Doctor's bad memory of old. Of course, one could not expect someone who had done and seen so much to remember everything at the drop of a hat, but still . . .

He bent forward to examine the fungus. It was not grey or green, but a lurid red, interspersed with a sickly yellow. Each fleshy lobe of the stuff pulsated as if with an inner life. He opened his mouth to ask the Doctor a question, when one of the lobes detached itself from the steel wall of the pipe, and leapt on



to his flesh, clinging like a leech to his arm.

The Professor cried out in horror, trying desperately to pull the thing off, but his efforts were in vain.

"Doctor!" he cried.

The Doctor too began to tug at the jelly-like substance, and as he did so, the fungus began to tighten its grip.

"Stop!" shouted Lloyd. "It's pulling my skin off!"

The Doctor stopped tugging at the horrific thing.

"No wonder those cats went mad," he said, "this stuff had managed to get inside them, and was doing this to their insides."

"Then why doesn't it affect others who have drunk the contaminated milk?" asked one of the scientists from the Professor's team.

"I'm not sure," the Doctor replied, "but I think it might be something to do with cats' resistance to parasites being lower than that of humans."

Someone else asked, "Why does the stuff only hide in milk tanks?"

"Again, I'm not sure," said the Doctor, "but I think the milk is just a beginning. I believe this fungus lives off animal protein, of which milk is a valuable source."

"You mean this could spread into every living thing?"

The Doctor nodded.

"My goodness," said someone in a shocked whisper, and whistled. As he did so, the fungus on Professor Lloyd's arm relaxed its grip and fell to the floor, quivering weakly.

"That's it!" exclaimed the Doctor. "I knew I'd get it! They can't bear piercing sound!"

The Professor, who had been wiping his arm with disgust, stared at the Doctor.

"But that thing isn't dead," he pointed out.

"No," replied the Doctor, "but it's wounded. The frequency wasn't high enough to kill it. But this will do the trick."

From his coat pocket he took a slim metal object.

"But that's only a dog whistle," said the professor.

"Yes," explained the Doctor, "which produces a sound much too high for humans to hear. But these things will take notice of it. Watch."

He put the whistle to his lips and blew. No sound reached the ears of the waiting scientists, but almost immediately there came a squealing, tearing, cracking sound from inside the pipes, and dozens of lifeless lobes of fungus fell to the ground.

"You see?" said the Doctor with satisfaction.

"That's all very well for these tanks," said the Professor thoughtfully, "but what about the living hosts of these things?"

"Once again, I'm afraid, you will have to go through the unpleasant task of asking your government to do something," said the Doctor. "I think it would work if simultaneously every radio frequency were changed. This would have to take place all over the country, you understand, and there would have to be complete cooperation."

"I see," said the Professor, "you mean raise the frequencies for a short time. And, of course, this would work even without people's radio sets being switched on, owing to the fact that the radio frequency waves are in the air."

The Doctor nodded, and stooped to pick up one of the dead fungus lobes. It was rapidly losing its bright colour and becoming dull brown.

"What do you intend to do with these?" he asked the Professor.

"Take specimens for analysis," replied Lloyd, "and – oh, I don't know – burn the rest, I suppose."

"Burn it?" echoed the Doctor. "Haven't you considered what an excellent fertiliser it would make, properly treated?"

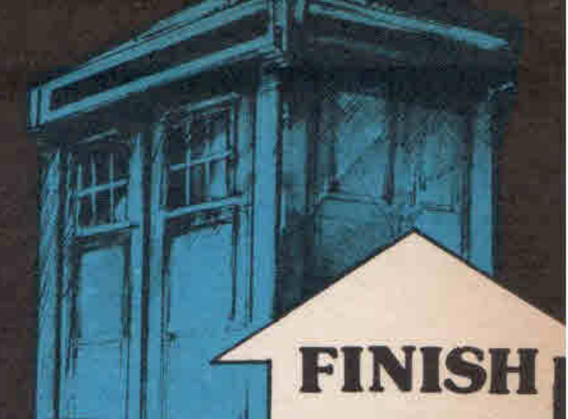
The Professor laughed. "Of course! That protein must not go to waste, certainly. Thank you, Doctor."

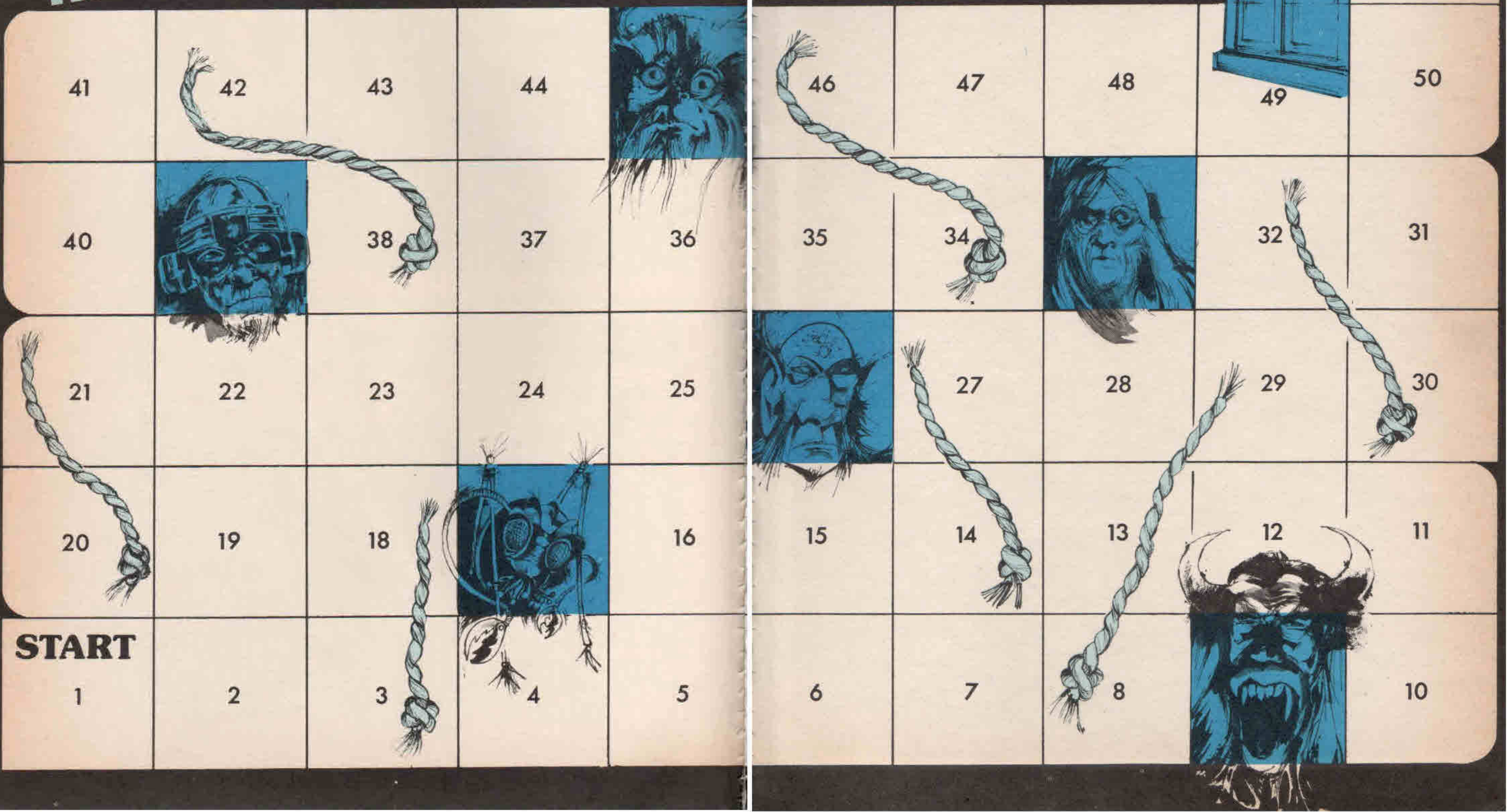
The Doctor smiled. "Oh, please," he said modestly, "it was pure luck that I remembered the whistling. But," he added, "I always knew that this dog whistle would come in handy one day!"

monsters AND ROPES

Test your powers of agility and monster-avoiding in this game specially devised for you by the Doctor. Starting at the bottom, you will need a dice (and as many counters as there are players) to help you reach the safety of the Tardis!

Can you do it? On the way, you will encounter some of the Doctor's fierce adversaries – and when you land on one of their squares you will have to avoid them by going back two spaces. But there are ropes to help you! If you land on a square with the end of a rope in it, you may climb the rope to escape the monsters. You need the exact number to reach the Tardis. Are you ready? Go!

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